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BRITISH AND AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AFFECTING
CANADA.

[The following article, by Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., appeared in much the same form in the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* for January, but has been abbreviated and revised for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It aims to show what Canada lost through the carelessness of British diplomacy and the insatiate policy of the United States in negotiations resulting in the Treaty of Independence of 1783; also what Canada lost by the Ghent Treaty, the Ashburton Treaty and the Washington Treaty. Mr. Hodgins gives quotations from original State papers which have never been published.—EDITOR.]

THE peace negotiations of 1782-3, which resulted in the Treaty acknowledging the Independence of the Thirteen American Colonies, marked the commencement of diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain. According to the frank avowal of an American apologist, the undertaking was "a difficult errand in diplomacy, especially under circumstances demanding wariness and adroitness, if not even craft and dissimulation;"*—a grotesque grouping of appropriate, with sinister, diplomatic qualities in the political drama then placed on the stage of history. The wariness and adroitness of some of the players, the incapacity and indiscretion of others, and the mournful epilogue pronounced by the King over "the downfall of a once respectable Empire," best explain why only one of the nations, then forming the audience, applauded the Treaty.

The disaster to Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown hastened the downfall of the

ministry of Lord North; and in March, 1782, the Rockingham administration came into power, the chief policy of which was the stoppage of the war with the Revolted Colonies. Shortly before the formation of the new Government, Lord Shelburne had, through a friend, suggested to Dr. Franklin, then diplomatic representative of the United States in Paris, that he would be pleased to hear from him; whereupon Dr. Franklin wrote congratulating him on the change of public opinion in England towards America, and expressing the hope that it would tend to produce a general peace. When Dr. Franklin's letter arrived, Lord Shelburne was Secretary of State, and to him must be justly given the credit of initiating the peace negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Independence. But his negotiations were unfortunately tainted with a want of candor.* Without the knowledge of his colleagues he despatched a Mr. Richard Oswald with

*John Adams, by John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen Series), Boston, 1890, p. 165.

*This peculiarity in Lord Shelburne's character is noted in Mr. Lecky's History of England in the 18th Century, v. 4, pp. 210-15.

instructions to open informal diplomatic negotiations with the Representative of the American Congress at Paris.

Mr. Oswald was introduced by Lord Shelburne to Dr. Franklin as "a pacifical man,* conversant in those negotiations which are interesting to mankind," a quality which harmonises with the Dr.'s opinion of him as "a plain and sincere old man, desirous of being useful in doing good." He had been a successful Scotch merchant in the City of London, was at one time an army contractor, and had acquired, through his wife, large estates in the West Indies and America; and, on account of his connection with both countries, had been occasionally consulted by the Government during the American war.† But a candid, and, therefore, instructive, opinion of Mr. Oswald's unfitness is furnished by a former eminent American diplomat, who says: "Of all the remarkable incidents in this remarkable transaction, nothing now seems so difficult to account for as the mode in which Great Britain pursued her objects by negotiation. The individual pitched upon to deal with the United States was a respectable and amiable private gentleman, nominated at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin, with whom he was to treat, because he thought he would get along easily with him."

To be on equal terms with the astute politicians representing the American Congress, the same writer adds that: "Great Britain had need of the best capacity and diplomatic experience within her borders. But it was her fortune during all this period—and indeed almost to the present day—to insist upon underrating the people with whom she had to deal, because they had been her dependants; a mistake which has been productive of more unfortunate consequences to herself than an age of repentance can repair."‡

*Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in his *Life of Lord Shelburne* (v. 3, p. 177) uses the expression "practical man," but all other authorities use the expression given above. See *Life of Franklin*, written by Himself, vol. 3, p. 69; *Spark's Franklin*, v. 9, p. 241; *Life of Adams*, vol. 2, p. 13, etc.

†*Life of Lord Shelburne*, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, v. 3, p. 175.

‡*Life of Adams*, v. 2, p. 32.

The American representatives were Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, John Jay, Chief Justice of New York, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, and Henry Laurens, formerly President of Congress, and though differing on some details as to the Peace, they were united in policy to secure the independence of the States. Each of them had, in addition, a special interest to further in the Treaty. Dr. Franklin's special object was the cession of Canada and Nova Scotia. Mr. Jay's concern was the extension of the western boundary over the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, so as to take in the Indian Territory and the Canadian lands. Mr. Adams championed the New Englanders' claim to the Canadian fisheries, which they pressed with extreme anxiety; and they felt that he would secure the fisheries for them if it were a human possibility to do so.

Mr. Oswald arrived in Paris about the middle of April, 1782; and, after communicating to Dr. Franklin Lord Shelburne's desire for peace, the Doctor gave him a confidential paper of "Notes for mere conversation matter between Mr. Oswald and Mr. Franklin," which contained the startling proposition that Great Britain should "voluntarily cede" the whole of Canada and Nova Scotia to the United States.* On his return to London Mr. Oswald reported to Lord Shelburne the result of his mission, and handed him the confidential notes, afterwards known as the "Canada paper."

Lord Shelburne gave only a partial outline of Mr. Oswald's report to his colleagues; for he withheld from them all knowledge of the "Canada paper." The excuse offered for him was, that "there was nothing either in the contents of the paper, or in the manner in which it came into his hands, which rendered it incumbent on him to communicate it to his colleagues; and he thought best not to send any formal answer to it."†

It was through a casual remark by

**Spark's Franklin*, v. 9, p. 250.

†*Life of Lord Shelburne*, v. 3, p. 183.

Mr. Oswald, in June, that the existence of the "Canada paper" became known to Mr. Grenville, then representative of the Foreign Office at Paris, who reported the matter to Mr. Fox, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In his reply, dated 10th June, Mr. Fox said: "The paper relative to Canada I never heard of till I received your letter; and it may be said that Shelburne has withheld from our knowledge matters of importance to the negotiations."*

The reticence of Lord Shelburne in not disclosing to the King or to his colleagues the secret proposition for the cession of Canada and Nova Scotia cannot be defended.† In the opinion of Lord John Russell, "It is impossible to justify Lord Shelburne for his favourable reception of so important a paper as the one he had received from Franklin about Canada, without communicating the substance of it at least to his colleagues."‡ The paper also dealt with the question of reparation for the towns and villages which had been burnt by the British and their Indian allies, and gave several arguments why Canada and Nova Scotia should be ceded to the United States, closing with the inducements that Great Britain should "in all times coming have and enjoy the right of Free Trade thither, unincumbered with any duties whatever; and that so much of the vacant lands there shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates."§

Acting on such partial report of Mr. Oswald's mission as Lord Shelburne made to his colleagues, the Cabinet, on the 23rd April, 1782, agreed to the following minute: "It is humbly submitted to His Majesty that Mr. Oswald shall return to Paris, with authority to

name Paris as the place, and to settle with Dr. Franklin the most convenient time for setting on foot a negotiation for a general peace, and to represent to him that the principal points in contemplation are the allowance of independence to America, upon Great Britain's being restored to the situation she was placed in by the Treaty of 1763; and that Mr. Fox shall submit to the consideration of the King a proper person to make a similar communication to M. de Vergennes."* The reference to the Treaty of 1763, and, in a later minute, dated 18th May, 1782, would lead to the inference that Canada was not to be given up; for its cession by France to Great Britain, and the delimitation of its boundaries to the Mississippi River, had been there settled; and rendered it all the more incumbent upon Lord Shelburne to disclose to his colleagues Dr. Franklin's secret proposition about the cession of Canada.

Mr. Oswald was shorn of the Samson locks of his diplomatic strength when he confided to Dr. Franklin his personal opinion that the conquest of Canada by Great Britain had been detrimental to the relations of the American colonies to the Empire—an opinion not shared by Dr. Franklin, as will presently appear. And when Dr. Franklin hinted that "England should make us a voluntary offer of Canada" he found that "Mr. Oswald much liked the idea," and promised "that he should endeavour to persuade their doing it."†

Lord Shelburne's biographer relates how Mr. Oswald also indiscreetly disclosed to the American representative the confidential opinions of the Cabinet: "Oswald told Franklin that personally he agreed with him, and he also mentioned that he had not concealed his opinion when in England, but had urged the cession of Canada during an interview with Rockingham, Shelburne and Fox. The two former, he said, spoke reservedly on the point, but in his opinion did not seem very averse to it. Fox, however, seemed

*Life of C. J. Fox, by Lord John Russell, v. 1, p. 313.

†Lord Shelburne subsequently declared that "the great advantage of Monarchy in the British Constitution was that it trusted to the Crown *the secrets* which must necessarily attend all negotiations with Foreign Powers."—Parliamentary History, v. 23, p. 309.

‡Memorials of Fox, v. 1, p. 384.

§Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 252.

* Memorials of Fox, v. 1, p. 345.

† Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 254.

startled at the proposition."* This statement is confirmed by an entry in Dr. Franklin's diary.

The succession of Lord Shelburne to the Premiership, on the death of Lord Rockingham, led to the resignation of Mr. Fox, which was followed by the withdrawal of Mr. Grenville from Paris; and enabled Lord Shelburne to comply with Dr. Franklin's request that Mr. Oswald should be sent to treat. Accordingly, Lord Shelburne's "pacifical man" became the British plenipotentiary under a Commission, drafted for the British Ministry by Mr. Jay,† authorising him to treat with "the Commissioners of the United States," for the settlement of great political and territorial interests which eminently required an experienced and adroit negotiator, skilled in cool, judicious and tactful diplomacy, and one who had a local knowledge of America, equal to that possessed by the American Commissioners.

Canada, at that time, was one of Great Britain's largest and most important territorial possessions; for it included not only her present great domain, but also the Great Lakes, and the rich agricultural territory south of Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior down to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers,—then contemptuously described by Mr. Oswald in his despatches as the "*back lands of Canada*," "*a country worth nothing, and of no importance*;" but which, if retained by Great Britain, would have made her combined Canadian possessions about 3,900,000 square miles, or larger than the territorial area of Russia in Europe and Asia (excluding Siberia); and have constituted British influence the dominant power on the American continent.‡

But Great Britain was then more intent upon humbling the European nations which had challenged her suprem-

acy as a Sea Power, by despoiling them of their territorial possessions, than in acquiring colonial homes for her adventurous people, and markets for her manufactures. A century ago she governed her colonies after an autocratic and old-fashioned paternal despotism, for she recognized, and would then learn, no other. While her army and navy were adding to her colonial empire, her home statesmen, forgetting the constitutional traditions of her island people, and the revolutionary teachings of a home despotism, denied those traditions to their colonial brethren, and imposed on them a despotism which recalled the island precedents of revolutionary relief, and ultimately caused the loss of a growing colonial empire and a loyal and sympathetic kindred.

The value of Canada to the Empire—won on Canadian battle-grounds from France—was well known to Dr. Franklin, the writer of the "Canada paper;" for he had, the year after its conquest, thus graphically sketched its brilliant future in a letter to Lord Kames:

"No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada; and this not merely as I am a Colonist, but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected. I am, therefore, by no means for restoring Canada to France. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will, in another century, be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic sea will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the globe, and awe the world."*

About this time another, and perhaps more maladroit, negotiator, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, an intimate friend of Dr. Franklin,† was despatched by Lord Shelburne "to give private assurances to the latter that the change of administration brought with it no

* Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 206; Sparks's Franklin, v. 9, p. 316.

† "It was a singular circumstance that one who had lately been regarded as a rebel-subject of the British Monarch should now prepare a commission from that Monarch by which his late Colonies were to be acknowledged free and independent."—Life of Jay, v. 1, p. 143.

‡ Canada's present area is about 3,990,000 square miles.

* Life of Franklin, v. 1, p. 399.

† Mr. Vaughan had edited Dr. Franklin's Political, Miscellaneous and Philosophical Pieces, in 1779.

change of policy."* Mr. Vaughan appears to have been a twin neophyte in diplomacy to Mr. Oswald, for he indiscreetly admitted to Mr. Adams that "many of the best men in England were for giving up Canada and Nova Scotia."

Prior to the arrival of this very undiplomatic negotiator in Paris, the French Government had intimated to the American Congress that the combined influence of France and Spain was hostile to the extension of their boundaries through Canadian territory to the Mississippi, and to their claims to the Canadian fisheries. And M. de Vergennes, the French Foreign Minister, emphasized this in Paris by arguing with the American Commissioners in favour of England, and by declaring that the demands of the Americans were unreasonable, and that France would not continue the war for American objects.† Nor were the English Ministers ignorant of this decision of the allied powers. Mr. Fitzherbert, the British Plenipotentiary to France, was also informed by the French Minister that it was their policy to shut out the United States from the Mississippi, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Fisheries; and he was urged to concur with France in a concert of measures for that purpose—because it could only be accomplished by the aid of Great Britain.‡ And M. de Rayneval, who had been sent to London on a confidential mission to the British Ministry, also expressed to them the "strong opinion" of the French Government "against the American claims to the Fisheries, and to the valley of the Mississippi and the Ohio." "These opinions," says Lord Shelburne's biographer, "were carefully noted by Shelburne and Grantham."§

Nor was Lord Shelburne's Government without material aid from the American Congress. In the session of 1779 Congress had instructed its Commissioners, in any negotiations with

Great Britain, to insist upon the grant of independence, the Mississippi boundaries, and the Fisheries, as *ultima*. But in June, 1784, Congress withdrew their claims respecting the Mississippi boundaries and fisheries, and instructed their Commissioners that "a desire of terminating the war has induced us not to make the acquisition of these objects an *ultimatum* on the present occasion."**

At this time the military and financial outlook of the United States was depressing. Washington reported to Congress that it was impossible to recruit the army by voluntary enlistment. Silas Deane in private letters intimated that it would be impossible to maintain the army another year. The Secretary of State wrote Dr. Franklin: "The army demand with importunity their arrears of pay. The Treasury is empty, and there are no adequate means of filling it."†

Such were the influences surrounding the Ministry of Great Britain in these negotiations. But, careless of the future of Canada, and to the astonishment of the allies of the United States, they yielded to every demand, abandoned the loyalists, and, after losing thirteen British Colonies, in a fit of unintelligible and unappreciated benevolence, gratuitously made the United States a present of sufficient British and Canadian territory to make nine and one-half more—thus adding to the lost and revolted Colonies an additional empire of 351,000 square miles, about equal to the combined territorial area of France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, and alienizing its British occupants.‡

Mr. Jay, suspecting that M. de Vergennes was "plotting with Fitzherbert in order to exclude the New England fishermen from the Newfoundland banks, and to keep the valley of the Ohio for England,"§ induced Mr.

* Secret Journals of Congress, v. 2, p. 228.

† Lecky's History of England, v. 4, p. 250-1.

‡ The territory thus added to the United States was afterwards formed into the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota.

§ Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 254.

* Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 242.

† Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 140.

‡ Ibid., pp. 120 and 122.

§ Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 263.

Vaughan to return to England† and "tell Lord Shelburne of the American sentiment and resolution respecting these matters."§ To which Mr. Adams added his advice: "I desired him—between him and me—to consider whether we could have any real peace with Canada or Nova Scotia in the hands of the English."

Mr. Vaughan accepted the commission of Messrs. Jay and Adams, and agreed to advocate American interests and to impress upon Lord Shelburne "the necessity of taking a decided and manly part respecting America," and not "seek to secure the possession of vast tracks of wilderness." He was successful; and Lord Shelburne and his colleagues thereupon authorized Mr. Oswald to agree to a confinement of the boundaries of Canada to a narrow strip of territory along the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers.||

Acting on these instructions, Mr. Oswald provisionally agreed to the outlines of the Treaty drafted by Mr. Jay, in which the following appeared:

"A cession to the Thirteen States, or to the Congress, of that part of Canada that was added to it by the Act of Parliament in the year 1774,—said to be necessary and indispensable."

The Act referred to, known as the "Quebec Act," had described the boundaries of Canada from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence on much the present lines, thence up that river, and through Lake Ontario and the Niagara River and Lake Erie, to where the boundary of Pennsylvania intersected its southern shore, thence southward along the Pennsylvania boundary to the Ohio River, and through it to its confluence with the Mississippi, and thence northward, through the Mississippi River, to the Hudson's Bay Territories.

The part of Canada proposed to be retained by the draft treaty agreed to by Mr. Oswald was the territory north of the present boundary line to the St. Lawrence, thence to Lake Nipissing, and

from thence west to the Mississippi,—giving to the United States nearly the whole of what is now the best settled portion of the Province of Ontario (formerly Upper Canada), and all the Canadian territory and great Lakes southward to the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Mr. Oswald's ready assent to the cession of Canada, desired by Dr. Franklin, appears to have suggested to that astute diplomatist new demands; for Mr. Oswald writes home: "Since then [April], and particularly in July last, he proposed that these *back lands of Canada* should be given up, and no allowance made out of that fund for the sufferers on both sides; but, on the contrary, that a sum of money [£500,000 to £600,000] should be granted by Great Britain for the sufferers in the American cause. I am afraid it will not be possible to bring him back to the proposition made in April, although I shall try it. Meantime I can plead that by resigning the sovereignty into the hands of Congress, the purpose for which he wished to have these additional lands given up (being that of preventing quarrels amongst the inhabitants) will not be disappointed, since Congress may settle them in any manner they think proper, whatever way the value or price of the land is disposed of."*

Such pleading of the American cause by a British plenipotentiary seems to have aroused the indignation of some members of Lord Shelburne's Cabinet. "Richmond and Keppel were very bitter against Oswald, who, they declared, was only an additional American negotiator, and they proposed to recall him. This Shelburne and Townshend refused to do, as they specially desired that Oswald should be at Paris to negotiate a commercial treaty."†

Diplomatic disaster to British and Canadian interests now seemed imminent. Mr. Jay drafted the Treaty, to which Mr. Oswald readily assented, and forwarded to London as "a true

†Mr. Locky says that "Jay despatched a secret messenger of his own" (v. 4, p. 285). Mr. Vaughan was the only one sent.

§Winsor's *United States*, v. 7, p. 123.

||MS. Letter, Whitehall, 1st Sept., 1782.

*MS. Letter, Oswald to Foreign Office, 11th Sept., 1782.

†Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 208.

copy of what has been agreed on between the American Commissioners and me to be submitted to His Majesty's consideration."* It provided for (1) The Independence of the United States; (2) The cession of nearly the whole of Canada (excepting only a small strip along the St. Lawrence river), with the thousands of British subjects by whom it had been settled; (3) The "right" of the United States to the Canadian Fisheries; and (4) The free navigation of the Mississippi to Great Britain—but without entrance or exit for her ships. Compensation for the Loyalists, reversal of confiscations, and payment of American debts to British merchants, were refused. It has been well said by American writers: "The bargain was struck on the American basis. Considering the only *ultimatum* they were ordered to insist upon, the Americans made a wonderfully good bargain."

"The United States could in all reason ask little more of any nation."†

When the extravagant generosity of the Draft Treaty was understood, the King plaintively wrote to Lord Shelburne: "I am too much agitated with the fear of sacrificing the interests of my country . . . that I am unable to add anything on that subject, but most frequent prayers to Heaven to guide me so to act that posterity may not lay the downfall of this once respectable Empire to my door; and that if ruin should attend the measures that may be adopted, I may not long survive them."‡

Lord Shelburne, in writing to Mr. Oswald, evidently felt the peril in which his Government stood, and warned him that "the nation would rise to do itself justice, and to recover its wounded honour." Apparently with the hope of averting the impending *Decensus Averni*, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Strachey, who had been Secretary to Lord Clive, and was then

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was despatched to Paris with instructions to insist upon compensation to the Loyalists, the retention by Great Britain of the "Indian Territory," and of the original boundaries of Canada to the Mississippi; or, if any Canadian territory should be ceded, to charge it with compensation for the Loyalists; to obtain a more favourable boundary of Nova Scotia, and to reject the cession of the Canadian Fisheries.*

Mr. Strachey, though entering the lists late and single-handed, appears to have fought for his imperilled cause with courageous tenacity, and to have taken a decided stand against Mr. Oswald's concessions. As said by an American writer, he "had been sent from England for the purpose of stiffening the easy nature of Mr. Oswald, but he only succeeded in infusing into the conferences all the asperity which they ever betrayed."† An equally Anglophobe writer says: "Mr. Strachey appeared in Paris as the exponent of English arrogance, insolence, and general offensiveness."‡ But his contemporaries were more just: "Mr. Strachey won an acknowledgment from both sides for his persistent energy and skill. Adams said of him, 'He presses every point as far as it can possibly go. He is a most eager, earnest and pointed spirit.' And Mr. Oswald, in writing to Mr. Townshend, said: 'He enforced our pretensions by every argument that reason, justice and humanity could suggest.'"§

Mr. Strachey was too late! Had he appealed to the French Minister, whose policy he knew, he might perhaps have learned that Congress had withdrawn the claims to the fisheries, and to the Mississippi boundaries, as *ultima*; and that M. de Vergennes was ready to use the influence which Congress had given France for the purpose of making the American plenipotentiaries more conciliatory.¶ Against

* MS. Letters, Oswald to Townshend, 7th and 8th, Oct., 1782.

† John Adams (*Statesmen Series*), p. 220; Life of Adams, v. 2, p. 33. See also Lecky's *History of England*, v. 4, p. 263.

‡ Life of Lord Shelburne, v. 3, p. 297.

* Life of Shelburne, v. 3, p. 281. The "Indian Territory" lay south and east of the Ohio and Mississippi.

† Life of J. Adams, v. 3, p. 39.

‡ John Adams (*Statesmen Series*), p. 218.

§ Winsor's *United States*, v. 7, p. 139. || *Ibid.*, p. 141.

him, however, were—the knowledge of Cabinet secrets by the American commissioners, the oft-given consent of his colleagues, Messrs. Oswald and Vaughan,* to the cession of Canada, and the written assent of the British Ministry to a confinement of its limits to a small strip of territory, and the cession of the remainder to the United States.† He failed, therefore, to get back the rich agricultural territory of southern Canada between the Ohio and Mississippi, but he regained a portion to the present river and lake boundary. He also failed to have the Nova Scotia boundary commence at the Penobscot River, but he recovered the territory between the St. John and St. Croix rivers.

Neither Mr. Oswald nor Mr. Strachey appears to have been aware that the secret instructions of the Congress, given in 1779 to its Commissioners respecting the Fisheries (before their withdrawal in 1781), had directed them to concede the "three mile distance from the shores of the territory remaining to Great Britain at the close of the war, if a nearer distance cannot be obtained by negotiation."‡ But, apparently in ignorance of this fact, all Canadian shore fishery rights were conceded without even the suggestion—much less the demand—of the reciprocal right of Canadians to take fish in American shore waters.

What took place over the Fishery clauses of the Treaty has been dramatically related by Mr. Adams' biographer :

"Mr. Strachey proposed that the word 'right' in this connection should be changed to 'liberty.' Mr. Fitzherbert sustained the movement by remarking that 'right' was an obnoxious expression. The suggestion seems to have fired Mr. Adams, and immediately he burst into an overwhelming defence of the term he had chosen. He rose, and, with the concentrated power which he possessed when excited, declared that when first commissioned as a negotiator with Great Britain, his

country had ordered him to make no peace without a clear acknowledgment of the right to the fishery, and by that direction he would stand. No preliminaries should have his signature without it. And here he appealed with some adroitness to Mr. Laurens, who had been President of the Congress when that first commission was given. Mr. Laurens readily responded to the call, and seconded the proposition with characteristic warmth. And Mr. Jay virtually threw his weight into the scale."

The biographer of Mr. Adams thereupon paraphrases the sinister maxim "The end justifies the means" by telling us: "the stroke proved decisive," but he apologizes by adding: "the act was the assumption of another prodigious responsibility."† And so it was; for the Americans well knew that the instructions they quoted had been revoked by Congress, and that the *ultimatum* they asserted with such indignant fervour had been abandoned.‡ And Mr. Jay confirms this by recording: "Had I not violated the instructions of Congress, their dignity would have been in the dust."§

When the terms of the Treaty with Great Britain became known, the French Government at once demanded an explanation from the American Minister. "I am at a loss," sarcastically wrote M. de Vergennes to Dr. Franklin, "to explain your conduct, and that of your colleagues. You have concluded your preliminary articles without communicating with us, although Congress prescribed that nothing should be done without the concurrence of the King. You are wise and discreet, sir! You perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed duties. I pray you to consider how you propose to fulfil those which are due to the King."|| He also instructed the French Minister at Philadelphia to inform the American Secretary of State that

*Life of Adams, v. 2, p. 44.

†Ibid, p. 45.

‡"Mensonges politiques" is said to be the appropriate diplomatic phrase descriptive of the above.

§Life of Jay, v. 2, p. 105.

||Dr. Franklin apologized, and admitted that the French Minister's observations were just, but he hoped that the great work would "not be ruined by a single indiscretion of ours." M. de Vergennes accepted the apology.

* Vaughan, regretting the interposition of Strachey, undertook for a second time to represent the American views to the British Ministry.—Adams' Works, v. 3, p. 312.

† MS. Letter, Townshend to Oswald, 1st Sept. 1782.

‡ Secret Journals of Congress, v. 3, p. 231; Report of Congress, 8th January, 1782.

the American Commissioners had deceived him, and been guilty of a gross breach of faith; and in writing to M. de Rayneval, he said, "The English have *bought* a peace, not made one. Their concessions have exceeded anything we believed possible."

The closing letters of Mr. Strachey to the Foreign Office give a blunt Englishman's opinion of a specialty in American diplomacy. In reporting to his chief, he said:—"The Treaty must be re-written in London in regular form, which we had not time to do in Paris, and several expressions, being too loose, should be tightened. These Americans are the greatest quibblers I ever knew."* Later on he wrote:—"The Treaty signed and sealed is now sent. I shall set off to-morrow, hoping to arrive on Wednesday, if I am alive. God forbid if I ever should have a hand in such another Peace."†

Whatever strategic policy may be allowable in international diplomacy, it should be controlled by the knowledge that the diplomatist represents the conscience and good faith of his sovereign, and the dignity and honour of his nation. The skilled diplomatist possesses the *tact des convenances*, which unites circumspection and adroitness with perfect integrity—candid and discreet in the radiant light of his representative station,—a combination of qualities which wins for him a reputation for sagacity and tact and assures to him a recognized supremacy in diplomatic emergencies. Judged by these standards, the reader can say whether this early venture of American Diplomacy illustrates the specialty recorded by the British representative; the conduct charged by the French Minister; as well as the sinister strategy frankly avowed by American apologists.‡

*MS. Letter, Calais, 8th Nov., 1782.

†MS. Letter, Paris, 30th Nov., 1782.

‡Sir John Macdonald, writing confidentially to a colleague in 1871, respecting the Protocols on the Treaty of Washington, said: "The language put into the mouths of the British Commissioners is strictly correct; but I cannot say as much for that of our American colleagues. They have inserted statements as having been made by them, which in fact never were made, in order that they may have an effect on the Senate. My English colleagues were a good deal surprised at the proposition; but as the statements did not prejudice England, we left them at liberty to lie as much as they pleased."—Life of Sir J. A. Macdonald, v. 2, p. 134.

The Treaty of 1783 was a humiliating experience to Canada, in the loss of her territory; in the cession of her Fishery rights; and in the indefiniteness of her boundaries. Lord Townshend, in the debate on the Treaty, well said: "Why could not some man from Canada, well acquainted with the country, have been thought of for the business which Mr. Oswald was sent to negotiate? Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, Mr. Laurens and Mr. Adams had been an overmatch for him; he either did not know, or appeared ignorant, how the country lay which he had been granting away, as the bargain he had made clearly indicated."*

An historian of the United States says:—"However great the errors committed by England in the American struggle, it must always be remembered to her credit that in the peace negotiations, Shelburne, declining all temptations to a contrary course, endowed the Republic with the gigantic boundaries on the south, west and north, which determined its coming power and influence, and its opportunities for good."† But the generous endowment was of Canada's territory, and to England's loss.

The generosity of Great Britain has, in later years, further "endowed the Republic" with other large portions of Canadian territory, and has made aliens of other British subjects, who had their homes there. During the war of 1812, the British forces and Canadian militia had captured and held possession of Maine on the east, and all of Michigan, and the territory westward to the Mississippi, which had been won back from the United States in fair fight, and, at the close, was held by right of war. Great Britain's historic generosity restored all these conquered territories to the United States, as a peace offering, by the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. Her peace offering was unappreciated, and she was afterwards rewarded with the Maine and Oregon boundary disputes, and an insolent threat of war. By the Ashburton Treaty of 1842

*Parliamentary History, v. 23, p. 391.

†Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 130.

she ceded some millions of Canadian acres, which a concealed "Red Line Map" of 1783 would have proved to have been British territory; and her officers, without any treaty authorizing the change, gratuitously added a strip of territory between the Connecticut and St. Lawrence rivers—over 150 miles in length—by removing latitude 45° about three-quarters of a mile into Canada, increasing to a mile and a half, north of its true place, and then sloping to the true latitude of 45° in the shape of a gore at the St. Lawrence River, because the United States desired to retain the town at Rouse's Point, in which they had built a fort.* By a carelessly described boundary, she lost large islands in Lake Superior, and about 4,000 acres of an isolated promontory in the Lake of the Woods, 26 miles north of the 49° treaty boundary line; and by later indifference allowed the diplomatic leverage of the United States to pry Canada out of several millions of acres in the Oregon territory with a sea coast and good harbours on the Pacific of about six degrees of latitude; and by describing a line through a strait, in ignorance of Canadian localities, was arbitrated out of the island of San Juan.

From the United States Canada has received several "baptisms of blood" through filibustering raids fomented in that country, not from any embittered relations between her and the Republic, but solely because of her fealty to Great Britain. The invasions of 1775-76, 1812-14, 1837-38, as well as the Fenian Raids of 1866, 1870 and 1871, were intended to strike an effective blow at the Empire in its most vulnerable part. The Fenian Raids—repulsed by the Canadian militia—were avowed to avenge the alleged British misgovernment of the Irish people. The Government of the United States, though fully cognizant that their Fenian citizens were arming and drilling for the invasion of Canada, never interfered until some of their filibustering

hordes had crossed the boundary; and then, after arresting a few ringleaders who had been caught red-handed, speedily pardoned and released them.*

When the Washington Treaty of 1871, which adjusted the Alabama claims was about to be negotiated, the Canadian Government urged that the claims of Canada arising out of these Fenian Raids should also be adjusted, alleging stronger grounds of negligence and want of due diligence against the United States than those charged by that Government against Great Britain in the Alabama case. The Imperial Government assented; but owing to the indefinite phraseology of the British letter proposing the negotiations, the High Commissioners for the United States refused to consider the Canadian claims as coming within the class of subjects indicated in the letter of the British Minister, and, besides, "the claims did not commend themselves to their favour." To this denial of justice to Canada the British Commissioners replied that "under these circumstances they would not urge further that the settlement of these claims should be included in the Treaty."† The reply of the Colonial Secretary to the Canadian protest against the Treaty was equally curt: "Canada could not reasonably expect that this country should, for an indefinite period, incur the constant risk of serious misunderstanding with the United States."‡

The political treatment of Canada by the United States may be further illustrated by its actions in carrying out that Treaty. Article 21 provided that fish and fish oil should be admitted free of duty into either country. After the Treaty had been four years in operation Congress passed a law§ that "cans or packages made of tin or other material, containing fish of any kind admitted free of duty under any law or Treaty," should be charged with a specific duty—though it was

* Canada Sessional Papers (1872), No. 26.

† Protocol Articles XII. to XVII. of the Washington Treaty of 1871.

‡ Earl of Kimberley to the Governor-General, June 17 1871.

§ United States Statutes at Large, v. 18, p. 308.

* The treaty line was departed from by 4,326 feet north of the true parallel of 45° at Rouse's Point, the effect of which was to give that town to the United States. Winsor's United States, v. 7, p. 178.

known that the tins, when opened, could not be used again. The duty prohibited entirely the importation of fish from Canada, and rendered the above provision of the Treaty illusory.*

Article 27 conceded to each nation the reciprocal use of their respective canals. American vessels with cargoes were permitted to pass through all the Canadian canals and the St. Lawrence River. But Canadian vessels with cargoes were stopped at the junction of the American canals with the water way, and had either to return to Canada or tranship their cargoes into American vessels.†

The McKinley and Dingley tariffs contain many provisions framed to cripple Canadian trade with the United States. The latter tariff puts a high duty on Canadian timber imported into that country—to which is added an automatic rider that if Canada‡ should impose an export duty on sawlogs, or other specified timber products going into the United States, the prescribed high duty on Canadian timber should be further increased by a sum equal to the amount of any Canadian export duty.

An attempt to injure the British and Canadian carrying trade was by an amendment surreptitiously introduced into the Dingley tariff, by which a discriminating duty of ten per cent.—in addition to the high duties therein imposed—should be levied on all goods carried into the United States by the Canadian railways or British ships. Owing to the bungling phraseology used, the obnoxious amendment failed of the purpose since avowed by its promoters.

The late Sir John Macdonald, who represented Canada in the negotia-

tions for the Treaty of Washington in 1871, realized the British indifference to Canadian interests, as well as the historic continuity of the insatiate policy of the United States, when he thus wrote to one of his colleagues: "The American Commissioners have found our English friends so squeezable in nature that their audacity has grown beyond all bounds." And he added: "Having made up my mind that the Americans want everything, and will give us nothing in exchange, one of my chief aims now is to convince the British Commissioners of the unreasonableness of the Yankees." Disheartened by an unsympathetic response to his efforts, he then wrote: "I am greatly disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners. They seem to have only one thing in their minds—that is, to go home to England with a treaty in their pockets, no matter at what cost to Canada."* Since Sir John wrote, the sturdiness of Canadian statesmen, and the modern dream of a Greater United Britain, have somewhat improved the Canadian position in diplomatic negotiations with the United States.

The acts of armed hostility and political unneighbourliness on the part of the politicians of the United States instanced above, have, at the times, roused a spirit of resistance and anger—even a threatened *lex talionis*—in Canada, which severely tried the political discretion of the energetic and courageous people who for over a century have maintained untarnished the supremacy and honour of Great Britain over one-half of the North American continent. But they have patiently and wisely subordinated these experiences to their allegiance and responsibility as members of a Great Nation, and to a sentimental faith in a more real imperial unity of our great Empire.

* Sir Edward Thornton to the Earl of Derby, April 19, 1875.

† Canada Sessional Papers (1876), No. 111. Subsequently the prohibition partially was relaxed, and Canadian vessels were allowed to proceed as far as Albany.

‡ The words in the Tariff are: "any country or dependency."

* Life of Sir John A. Macdonald, by Joseph Pope, v. a p. 105.

Thomas Hodgins.

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY DR. J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

V.—FOUNDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA,
(1605-1784.)

SO far this series of historical papers has dealt mainly with the leading incidents in the adventurous and chequered career of the men who attempted to lay the foundations of a French colonial empire in the great valleys of North America. Acadian history has been only briefly mentioned in connection with that of the more important communities on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and of the various conflicts for dominion on the continent. I shall now leave the old Province of Canada for a while and take my readers to the shores of Acadia, which was not only the oldest colony of France in the vast region now known as the Dominion, but also became a British possession fifty years before the cession of the French dependency on the St. Lawrence. Nova Scotia, which also included New Brunswick for some time, enjoyed the advantages of a liberal system of representative government a year before Quebec fell into the hands of the English, and thirty-four years before similar institutions were granted by the Imperial Parliament to Upper and Lower Canada.

As it has been already stated in a previous paper, French Acadia was an ill-defined region which may be roughly stated to have included a large portion of the present State of Maine, eastward from the Kennebec, the Province of New Brunswick, the Province of Quebec as far as the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The island of St. Jean, now Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton, also called Ile Royale after

the Treaty of Utrecht when it became an important section of the French dominions on account of the cession of the peninsula of Nova Scotia to the English, were not generally considered by France as parts of Acadia, and were not included in the treaty in question. The French, indeed, eventually attempted to confine its terms* to the peninsula, and actually fortified the isthmus of Chignecto in furtherance of their claims to the rest of Acadia. But when we trace back the history of the names of Acadia, and of Nova Scotia as well, we can see at once that the term embraced the wide region I have just mentioned, and was not limited in its application to the whole, or a section, of the province of the Canadian Dominion.

Sir William Alexander, subsequently Lord Sterling, courtier and poet, who was also ambitious to be a founder of a colony, first suggested the name of Nova Scotia as early as 1621, when Biencourt, the eldest son of Baron de Poutrincourt, and a few Frenchmen were the only representatives of France in Acadia. "Being much encouraged hereunto by Sir Ferdinando Gorges,"* he wrote in later years, "and some utheris of the undertakers for New England, I show them that my countrymen would never adventure on such an enterprise, unless it were as there was a New France, a New Spain and a New England, that they might likewise have a New Scotland." King

*The treaty ceded "likewise all Nova Scotia or Acadia, with its ancient boundaries, as also the city of Port Royal, now called Annapolis Royal, etc."

*This reference is to Sir Frederick Gorges, Governor of New Plymouth, who received a royal charter in 1620, for the government and colonization of New England.

James entered heartily into the ambitious schemes of his favourite, and induced his privy council to give him a charter under the great seal, which practically granted him ancient Acadie, as well as Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, under the name of Nova Scotia. Since the first appearance of "Nova Scotia" in a royal charter, two hundred and seventy-six years ago, this Latin designation has always clung to the peninsular province.

If we study the map of Nova Scotia in the light of the history of the past, as far back as we have any records or traditions, we see that Nova Scotia has a legitimate claim to be considered the section of the North American Continent first known to Europeans. It is quite probable that the Norsemen passed and even landed on its shores, and there are enthusiastic and imaginative antiquaries who see Norse inscriptions on mysterious rocks that have been unearthed from time to time,* and can even trace a Norse origin in the name of Loran which still clings to two little harbours in the vicinity of the historic ruins of Louisburg, and appears on the oldest maps in the primitive and correct form of Lorambeque and Norembeque. It is quite certain that the Cabots and their English sailors were the first Europeans to see its bays and harbours, and it is not unlikely they may have given the designation of *Prima Vista* to one of the headlands of the island which now forms its eastern political division; but these famous adventurers of the sea have left no memorials of their voyages among the names that have come down to us for centuries. On the other hand, the Portuguese have left us the appropriate name of Fundy (Fondo) for the great funnel-shaped bay which washes the most interesting and fertile section of the Acadian Peninsula, and through which the Atlantic pours its tides with such irresistible force into the bays, harbours and estuaries of those parts

of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Baccaro, an islet on the south-western coast of the peninsula, is evidently a memorial of the Basque voyages, like the same name on the eastern shores of Newfoundland, which was also called Baccalaos centuries ago. The oldest French name on the North American Continent is "Cape Breton", which recalls the early maritime enterprise of the Bretons. The first voyage of De Monts and Champlain around the coasts of Nova Scotia is perpetuated in the names of Lake Rossignol, which is a survival of Port Rossignol, now Liverpool, which received its first name from a fur-trader whose ship and cargo were seized at that place for an infringement of De Monts's monopoly; of Port Mouton, whose original celebrity arose from the humble incident that a sheep leaped overboard in that port. The large and beautiful La Have River—more correctly La Hève—is also a memorial of De Monts, and though Nova Scotia is a country of varied natural beauty, nowhere except on the Bras d'Or are there such scenes of loveliness as on this grand river, so full of recollections of the days of French occupation, since it was here that Razilly and Denys first settled in the first half of the seventeenth century. A Nova Scotian poetess* has in melodious verse paid a fitting tribute to this picturesque stream:

"And stranger tones have fallen where meet
thy drooping trees,
And foreign songs have lingered all homesick
on the breeze;
Thy waves have caught the cadence, and
seen the merry glance
Of the peasant sons and daughters from vine-
clad La Belle France.
Thou hast heard their ringing laughter, a
sweet, melodious din;
Seen bodice, cap and kirtle, and beaded moc-
casin;
But the old regime is over—for arms and con-
quest gave
Acadia's soil to England, with thee, thou
proud La Have.

"And thus thou rollest ever—bright, peerless,
uncontrolled;

* See Sir Daniel Wilson's article on the stone found many years ago near Cape Sable, in "Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.," Vol. VIII., Sec. 2, Art. 3. His opinion was that the inscription is not runic. An illustration is given of the stone in the same article.

* Mary J. Katzman (Mrs. W. Lawson), whose verse entitles her to the distinction of being the sweetest Acadian poet.

The peaceful sky above thee—around the forest old,
 Stretching in vast magnificence on to the mighty sea;
 So beautiful in slumber, so grand in liberty;
 So solemn and mysterious beneath the tone of night;
 So gorgeous in thy raiment of glad effulgent light;
 Bright, living type of freedom in Nature's temple brave,
 Rejoicing ocean's youngest born—thou beautiful La Have."

Cape Breton abounds in memorials of French discovery and occupation. The Port of Louisbourg was named in honour of Louis Quatorze; the fine Island of Boularderie, whose fertile slopes and cliffs rise from the two entrances of the Bras d'Or Lake, recalls the memory of the gallant French officer who was its first proprietor. The large bay of Gabarus, where Boscawen's fleet landed the troops for the siege of Louisbourg in 1758, is a corruption of the name of Cabarrus, who was a French trader of last century. The beautiful bay of Miré, or Mira—the "a" being clearly a mere anglicizing of the accented "é"—received its name from a French officer. Lingan Bay, where the coal mines were well known to the French settlers, is a vulgar form of L'Indienne. The French also softened the harsh Indian names of Nericka to Arichat, and of Achepé to Aspé, and of Kamsok to Canseau. The picturesque Bras d'Or, which divides the island into two sections, is appropriately named the Golden Arm, but on the oldest maps it is Labrador, which may have been given by some settlers from Bradore Bay on the rugged north-eastern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.*

In the course of time, after the Treaty of Utrecht, when the British began to settle and occupy the country in earnest, British names prevailed. Annapolis, Halifax, Horton, Cornwallis, Cumberland, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Sydney, and hundreds of other names attest the British sentiments of the later occupants of the

peninsula. Lunenburg is a memorial of the first German migration to Malagash or Merligueche Bay. While French, English, Scotch and German peoples have in their turn linked their languages to all time with the geography of the Acadian land, the tongue of the original Indian nation, the Micmacs or Souriquois, a branch of the widespread Algonquin family, is still perpetuated largely in the nomenclature of the bays, harbours, rivers and mountains of the beautiful country which stretches from Chebogue or Jebogue Point on the west to Canseau on the east, and from Arichat to Aspé. The original name of Halifax Harbour still survives in Chebucto Head, while Shubenacadie, Musquodoboit, Chedabuctou, Tracadie, Pictou, Antigonishe, Escasoni, Mabou and Cobequid are only a few among the numerous mementos of the race whose descendants live on "reserves"—some of them in comfort—and receive the protection of a paternal government. It is quite possible that these Indians may disappear as a separate community in the course of another century before the aggressive competition of the white man, but whether this happens or not, their memory can never pass away,

"Whilst their names of music linger
 On each mount, and stream and bay."

In the history of Nova Scotia there have been several well-marked epochs of settlement. The French, under De Monts and his successors, took the first steps to introduce European civilization into the wilderness where the Micmac hunters and fishermen, who were never cultivators of the soil like the Huron-Iroquois tribes, were the sole occupants for centuries. The Baron de Poutrincourt may be considered the first Frenchman who had sound ideas of settling North America, but his plans, too, soon came to nought. A few Frenchmen who remained in the country after Argall's fatal expedition, and the colonists who came with Razilly, Charnisay and Denys were the founders to a large extent of the prosperous settlements that in the course

* See Bourinot's "Cape Breton and Its Memorials of the French Regime" in "Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.," Vol. IX., and in separate form, Montreal, 1891.

of a hundred years or so grew up by the natural and prolific increase of a healthy people in the most fertile section of the province. It does not appear that at any time there was such an immigration to Acadia as was encouraged by Louis XIV. and his ministers during a few years of the seventeenth century to settle the more favoured country of the St. Lawrence. A few gentlemen-adventurers, fishermen, soldiers, mechanics and farmers—the two latter classes most insignificant in number—found their way at intervals into the country during the first seventy years of its history, and laid the basis of the communities that suffered so sad a fate in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Acadian settlement of Nova Scotia lasted until 1755, although the troubles of the people commenced immediately with the foundation of Halifax, and led many of them to find their way to New Brunswick, St. John's Island, and Cape Breton before the stern mandate came to drive them from the lands they loved so well, and which they had made their own by their patient industry. In 1749 there were probably at least 10,000 French Acadians—though correct statistics on the point are not available—living in the Annapolis country, on the lands watered by the Gaspereau and other rivers that flow into the Basin of Minas—the district of Grand Prè and Mines—at Piziquid (Windsor), at Cobequid (Truro), and at Beaubassin and other places on the isthmus of Chignecto. It does not appear that more than 6,000 persons were actually deported by the English in 1755, and of this number at least two-thirds were seized in the district of Grand Prè and Mines. It is believed that nearly 1,000 sought refuge in the woods, and found their way to the southwestern coasts.* Probably three thousand, during the six years before expulsion, went to the upper parts of the River St. John, to the

eastern coast of the present coast of New Brunswick, and to the islands of St. John and Cape Breton. In later times, when there was a considerable British population in Nova Scotia, and no fears of this hapless people were entertained, many of them were allowed to return to the peninsula and settle in the western part, where the township of Clare still gives illustration of the thrift, industry, sobriety and piety of the descendants of the old proprietors of Acadia. For forty years after the treaty of Utrecht they increased and prospered, and had England treated them from the commencement with fairness, and kept in the province sufficient force to show them she was not to be trifled with, and there was no prospect of France regaining her old dominions by the sea, they might have been gradually won from their fidelity to the land of their origin, and taught to pay willing allegiance to their new masters, who, under all circumstances, had treated them with great consideration and at the same time with an obvious weakness. Had they been allowed to remain in the country, under the checks of a sufficient military force and populous English settlements, the ten thousand Acadian French that occupied the fertile districts of the province in the middle of last century would eventually have increased to a very large number, and exercised most important influence on the social, religious, and political conditions of Nova Scotia, even while remaining loyal to England. In other words, Nova Scotia might have been another French Canada.

As it happened, however, an inexorable Fate destroyed their happiness at one fell blow, and placed them among the most unfortunate of God's creatures. The remnant of the French Acadian race never exercised any influence on the destiny of the Maritime Provinces when their institutions were being moulded and established. British influences eventually dominated in every section and made the Acadian provinces what they have been always—most loyal dependencies of the Crown,

* Parties of these refugees at Cape Sable, St. John River and Bay of Chaleurs were also subsequently seized and deported at a later time. This fact shows the relentless character of the persecution which dogged their movements.

even in those troublous times when the flag of revolt was raised in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

At the present time there are 100,000 people of French Acadian descent living in the Maritime Provinces, principally on the Gulf shores of New Brunswick, on the western lands of Nova Scotia, and in the counties of Richmond and Inverness in Cape Breton. Some descendants of the same race are also found in Prince Edward Island, where there were probably 4,000 at the time of its occupation by England, and the greater number of whom were also deported with unnecessary harshness from the lovely island to which they had fled during the troublous years that followed the settlement of Halifax. The industrial and educational development of these people is not yet equal to that of their British countrymen in the Dominion; though their numbers in New Brunswick and elsewhere give them a certain amount of influence in politics, and enable them to return to legislative bodies representatives who protect the special interests of their people and ably assist in the general legislation of the country.

The foundation of Halifax practically put an end to the Acadian period of Nova Scotian settlement. Until that year the English occupation of the country was merely nominal. Owing largely to the representations of Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts—a statesman of considerable ability who distinguished himself in American affairs during the most critical period of their history—the British Government decided at last on a vigorous policy in the province, which seemed more than once on the point of passing out of their hands. Halifax was founded by the Honourable Edward Cornwallis on the slope of the hill, whose woods then dipped their branches into the very waters of the noble harbour long known as Chebuctou, and re-named in honour of a distinguished member of the Montague family who had in those days full control of the administration of colonial affairs.

Colonel Cornwallis, a son of the

Baron of that name—a man of firmness and discretion—entered the harbour on the 21st of June, old style, or 2nd July, present style, and soon afterwards assumed his duties as Governor of the Province. The members of his first Council were sworn in on board one of the transports in the harbour. Between 2,000 and 3,000 persons were brought in at this time to settle the town and country. These people were chiefly made up of retired military and naval officers, soldiers and sailors, gentlemen, mechanics and farmers—far too few—and some Swiss, who were extremely industrious and useful. On the whole, they were not the best colonists to build up a prosperous industrial community. The Government gave the settlers large inducements in the shape of free grants of land, and supported them practically for the first two or three years. It was not until the Acadian population was removed, and their lands were available, that the foundation of the agricultural prosperity of the peninsula was really laid. In the summer of 1753 a considerable number of Germans were placed in the present county of Lunenburg, where their descendants still prosper, and take a most active part in all the occupations of life. The names of original settlers—of Rudolf, Jessen, Knaut, Kaulbach, Hebb, Eisenhauer, Gaetz, and Oxner, particularly—are constantly met in the official and political records of the country for nearly a century and a half. A Kaulbach now represents the county in the House of Commons.

With the disappearance of the French Acadian settlers, Nova Scotia became a British colony in the full sense of the phrase. The settlement of 1749 was supplemented in 1760 and subsequent years by a valuable and large addition of people who were induced to leave Massachusetts and other colonies of New England and establish themselves on the fertile Acadian lands and other favoured parts of the peninsula. Persons not well acquainted with the history of the Acadian provinces are wont to attribute the material prosperity of the country mainly to the large body of

Loyalists who left their homes in the old colonies, after the War of Independence. As a matter of fact, however, there were two well-defined streams of immigration into the province after the expatriation of the French Acadians. The first was the influx of the people generally known as Pre-Loyalists, who settled in townships of the present counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Queens, Yarmouth, Cumberland and Colchester, especially in the beautiful townships of Cornwallis and Horton, where the Acadian meadows were the richest.

A number of the New England people also established themselves at Maugerville, and other places on the St. John River. The peopled district on the St. John River became subsequently known as Sunbury County and obtained a representation in the Nova Scotia Legislature.

The town of Sackville had a similar origin, and had also a member in the same assembly.

No better class probably could have been selected to settle Nova Scotia than the American immigrants. The majority were descendants of the Puritans who settled in New England and some were actually descended from men and women who landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620. The county of Yarmouth has always illustrated the

thrift and enterprise which were the natural heritage of the founders of New England. Governor Lawrence recognized the necessity of having a sturdy class of settlers, accustomed to the climatic conditions and to agricultural labour in America, and it was through his strenuous efforts that these immigrants were brought into the province. They had, indeed, the choice of the best land of the province and everything was made as pleasant as possible

for them by a paternal Government, only anxious to establish British authority on a sound basis of industrial development.

In 1767, according to an official return in the archives of Nova Scotia, the total population of what are now the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island reached 13,374 souls, of whom 6,913

are given as Americans, 912 as English, 2,165 as Irish, 1,946 as Germans and 1,265 as Acadian French, the latter being probably a low estimate. Some of these Irish were brought directly from the north of Ireland, and were Scotch Presbyterians. They were brought out by one Alexander McNutt, who did much for the work of early colonization; others came from New Hampshire, where they had been settled for some years.



SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, LORD STERLING.

From this early immigration have sprung many of the best known men of Nova Scotia. For instance, T. C. Haliburton ("Sam Slick"); Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran statesman; Dr. Borden, at present Minister of Militia in the Dominion Government; Mr. R. L. Borden, who represents Halifax in the House of Commons; Senator Lovett and Mr. Flint, M.P., of Yarmouth; Mr. Justice Barker, of St. John; Attorney-General Longley; besides the Chipmans, Eatons, Dickies, DeWolfs, Burpees, and many others.

on the eastern counties of Nova Scotia—and I include Cape Breton, of course—commenced in 1772, when about thirty families arrived from Scotland and settled in the present county of Pictou, where a very few American colonists from Philadelphia had preceded them. In later years a steady tide of Scotch population flowed into eastern Nova Scotia and did not cease until 1820.

Gælic is still the dominant tongue in the eastern counties, where we find numerous names recalling the glens,



OLD BURYING GROUND, OLD FRENCH FORT, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.

Dr. T. H. Rand, of McMaster University, and Dr. B. Rand, of Harvard, are members of a family first notable for the Reverend Silas T. Rand, the linguist and Micmac scholar. The Archibalds, who have given so many eminent men to the public service of Canada and the Empire—notably the late Sir. Adams G. Archibald, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of two provinces—are descended from four brothers of the Scotch-Irish migration of 1762, who settled in Truro. Senator Miller's family also came among the same settlers.

The Scotch immigration which has exercised such an important influence

lochs and mountains of old Scotland. Sir William Alexander's dream of a new Scotland has been realized in a measure in the province where his ambition would have made him "lord paramount." But now, instead of the titled proprietors who were to divide the country amongst them, instead of the baronets with their gilded insignia and armorial bearings, we have stalwart Scots, clad in home-spun, and answering to the homely names of Donald McDonald, Sandy McPherson, Rory McLennan, Dan Morrison, and others very familiar to the Scotch ear. The total Scotch population is about

equally divided between Presbyterians and Roman Catholics.

Until the foundation of Halifax the government of Nova Scotia was vested solely in a governor who had command of the garrison stationed at Annapolis. In 1719 a commission was issued to Governor Phillips, who was authorized to appoint a council of not less than twelve persons. This council had advisory and judicial functions, but its legislative authority was of a very limited scope. Their acts did not extend beyond temporary regulations relative

rarely that they resorted to their English masters. This provisional system of government lasted until 1749, when Halifax became the seat of the new administration of public affairs. The governor had a right to appoint a council of twelve persons—as we have already seen, he did so immediately—and to summon a general assembly “according to the usage of the rest of our colonies and plantations in America.” He was, “with the advice and consent” of the council and assembly “to make, constitute and ordain laws”

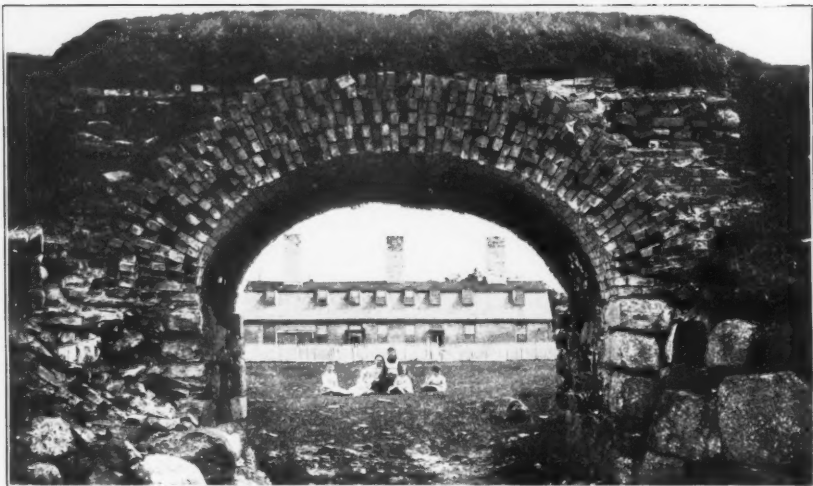


OLD FRENCH MAGAZINE, ANNAPOLIS.

The stones used for the arch of the interior, the portholes and the corners, were brought over from France in 1642. The walls are $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick.

to trade in grain in the Bay of Fundy, or else local enactments touching the people of the village of Annapolis. The Acadians had the right to choose deputies to act as arbitrators in small matters of controversy between themselves, and an appeal was allowed to the Governor-in-Council, who sat for this purpose three times a year. The Acadians are described by some writers as extremely litigious, but their disputes appear to have been generally decided among themselves, especially by reference to the priests, and it was

for the good government of the province. During nine years the Governor-in-Council carried on the government without an assembly, and passed a number of ordinances, some of which imposed duties on trade for the purpose of raising revenue. The legality of their acts was questioned by Chief Justice Belcher—the first functionary of the Supreme Court appointed in Nova Scotia—and he was sustained by the opinion of the English law officers, who called attention to the governor's commission, which limited the council's



OLD FRENCH SALLY-PORT AT ANNAPOLIS.

Showing in the distance the old quarters of the English officers, a building which possesses thirty fire-places, one in each room.

powers. The result of this decision was the establishment of a representative assembly, which met for the first time at Halifax on the 2nd October, 1758, and was composed of twenty-two members, elected on a freehold franchise by the province at large, and the townships of Halifax and Lunenburg.

In the course of the next twenty-five years the province was gradually marked out into political divisions according as population increased. The Island of Prince Edward never sent representatives to the Legislature of Nova Scotia, but it was constituted a separate government as early as 1768, as we shall see in the course of a later review on the founders of representative institutions in the Dominion.

In 1783 Canada and Nova Scotia received a large accession of loyal population from the old thirteen colonies, then recognized as the independent confederation of the United States. In 1784, there were in the province at the time of its division, according to the most trustworthy statistics available, about 43,000 souls, of whom over 28,000 represented "the new inhabitants," or Loyalists and disbanded

troops, who had taken part in the late war. The "old British inhabitants," or the immigration previous to 1783, are given at 14,000. Only 400 Acadian French were living at that time in the country. Of the Loyalists, nearly 10,000 were already settled on the St. John River, and 8,000 in the county of Shelburne, where they had very bitter experiences, as I shall show in a later paper. The new population also included a large number of fugitive blacks and servants.

The province was now commencing to emerge from its early difficulties. The dykes, which had fallen to pieces in many places after the expulsion of the industrious and ingenious people who had constructed them, had been partly repaired, and the amount of products raised on the old French farms was yearly increasing. The scattered settlements of the province had few means of communication with each other except by water, or "blazed" paths through the woods. In the whole peninsula there was only one great road, that leading from Halifax to Windsor, through Cornwallis and Horton, and thence along the coast of

the Bay of Fundy to Annapolis Royal. But the "old inhabitants" generally, after the experience of a quarter of a century, were beginning to have confidence in the future of the country and in its capabilities for raising all kinds of cereals and fruits.

The Loyalist migration of 1783 commenced a new epoch in the history of British North America. It opened up new districts, made additions of population to the older settlements and gave new colonies to the Empire. Nova Scotia was divided into two provinces, one of which retained the old name, which had been given to it in King James' day, and the other recalled the Brunswick-Lunenbourg or Hanover-



LITTLE DUTCH CHURCH AT HALIFAX (1752-1898.)

ian line which had given kings to England. Cape Breton—for the name of Ile Royale disappeared with the fall of Louisbourg—also received a simple system of local government separate from Nova Scotia. Canada was divid-



FRENCH ACADIAN VILLAGE OF DESCOUSSE, CAPE BRETON, 1897.

ed into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada.

The great proportion of this valuable Loyalist migration reached and remained in the Acadian provinces. So important an event, however, as this demands a separate paper, in which I shall endeavour to describe, as far as possible within the few pages at my

command, the devotion of this people to England, their trials in the new lands to which they were driven by their republican oppressors, and the influence that they and their descendants have exercised upon the social and political conditions of the countries where they at last found a refuge after years of misery and persecution.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE SENSE OF SPRING.

MELT, melt, white fields ! and let the freed streams flow
 Between your banks of snow ;
 And may Love's young heart find
 An answer to its mind,
 In all the buds that swell, and leaves that grow.

Unfold, ye cloud-set skies of softest blue !
 And call the violet through
 The earth that seals it up ;
 Release its lucent cup
 From lips that with dull scents its wine imbrue.

Great Boreas ! stay thy strong-winged blasts this morn ;
 For unto Joy is born
 A child, a blossom frail :
 The May-flower, timid, pale,
 That, were it not for hope, would be forlorn.

I see thy palace shine, proud Winter ! cold ;
 Ice-buttressed towers bold ;—
 But what a song is here
 To soothe the waking year :
 A stranger piping on a flute of gold.

Ho ! to the forest's shade ; thick cedar-trees,
 Where never crept a breeze ;
 And where the Silence holds
 Still Wonder in its folds ;—
 There falls the Rapture lowly on its knees.

Bough in the beating air ; waves of the deep ;
 Conscience in past Sin's sleep ;
 Grief that laid down in night ;
 Wake ! 'tis the vital light ;
 These are life's thrills that o'er your pulses creep.

John Stuart Thomson.



THEY were sisters, but strangely unlike, differing in appearance, in temperament, and in tastes. Ventris Perugini was "her mother's own daughter," as people frequently remarked; while Eugenie, the younger, had taken the features, the voice, the nature of her foreign-born father.

Mrs. Perugini was English to her very finger-tips; likewise Ventris, a fair-haired, sweet-mannered girl, engaged to Henry Masterman, a good-looking young engineer.

"No one would dream," he said, "that you had foreign blood in your veins, Ventris."

"I think," she answered smiling, "that the child has usurped my share."

Eugenie, though now a girl of fifteen, had never escaped from her early nickname of "the child," and the term did not displease her.

In appearance she looked

younger than her years, and only Ventris, to whom she was passionately devoted, knew that beneath the infantile face, with its cloud of dark hair, lay a strangely matured and passionate nature.

To Ventris she confided her views on life, the power of self-control which she practised, and the almost madness that possessed her, when some incident, which appeared trifling to the older girl, raised in the younger a spirit of rebellion.

It was at such moments that Ventris trembled for the child. She feared that in the future this little sister would pay dearly for the hot blood in her.

Ventris would look at the firm chin and clear, determined eyes, the thin red lips, that but for the redeeming softness of youth might have been called cruel, and indicative of an almost tigerish brutality.



"It's—it's heavenly," she said.

* Published in Canada by special arrangement with the English publishers.

Then Ventris would talk gently to Eugenie, using her influence to tame.

"How does it feel to be in love?" asked the child one day.

Her sister smiled.

"It's—it's heavenly!" she said, the roses of sentiment blooming on her cheeks.

"And you do love Henry? You are quite—quite sure!"



"Eugenie accepted the present gratefully."

"Why, of course, dear! What a question! I love him with all my heart and soul. He is my life, my all. If anything were to separate us now, I think I should die."

"You are sure, too, that he loves you, Ventris?" the child persisted.

"You little cynic! Are you going to pretend that there is any doubt?" replied Ventris, laughing from sheer lightness of heart and innocent contentment.

With a sudden, quick movement Eugenie flung her warm arms round her sister's neck, almost strangling her in a passionate embrace.

"Take care, you will throttle me," said Ventris, disengaging the child's arms, and kissing her lovingly. "You're a darling, but you're rather rough!"

"I want you not to love Henry quite so much, Ventris," she said. "I think men are like dogs. When I scold 'Glou-Glou,' and kick him, he will come and lick my face, and do anything for me. I wish you would sometimes be angry with Henry; he is the sort of man that would like you for it. I mean what I say."

"But why should I? Henry is so good, so generous! There is no reason why I should be angry with him!"

Eugenie twisted her fingers nervously; she could not speak the thoughts in her mind.

"Why!" continued Ventris, "only this afternoon he promised to bring a lot of curiosities that he had collected abroad, and we are to choose whatever we like. He says they are no good to him."

"Then," retorted the child, "there is no great merit in his offering them to us."

"Why are you so down on poor Henry? I don't understand."

"Oh! I'm not down on him," said the child. "But I love you, Ventris, and I don't think anyone is worthy of you; and if Henry doesn't make you happy, I'll—I'll——"

Eugenie checked her words; but Ventris noticed her cheek had suddenly paled, as if in rage.

"What will you do, child?"

"Oh! don't ask me! There is no use in anticipating!"

When Henry brought his curios, Eugenie was highly disdainful.

"I don't think there is anything worth having," she said—then, with suddenly brightening eyes: "except that dagger. Will you give it to me, Henry?"

She picked up the weapon, and gazed admiringly at its red velvet case.

"No," he replied. "It is not a safe thing for you to have. That is by no means a make-believe dagger. Feel how sharp the edge is; why, you could kill anyone with this." He felt the blade as he spoke.

"But I am not a baby. I should not hurt myself playing with a dagger. I want it as an ornament."

"No," he said again. "I brought this for Ventrís."

He made a little sign to Ventrís, who, seeing that he thought Eugenie too young for it, accepted the present gratefully, and whispered to the child:

"You don't mind, do you? It can be between us."

Later on Eugenie found herself alone with her sister's lover. She had followed him into the garden, where he was smoking a cigarette.

"What did you think I should do with the dagger that you would not give it me?" she asked. "Kill somebody?"

"As likely as not," he laughed; "you're such a little she-devil!"

"Yes," retorted the child, her dark eyes flashing; "you made me one last night. You had no right to kiss me; I didn't like it. I am older than I look, and you are engaged to Ventrís."

"But she has often seen me kiss you."

"Yes, but in a different way. One was the kiss of a brother—the other felt abominable!"

"You look so pretty when you're cross; it makes a change in the monotony of things. You're such a little prude, I like to upset your principles!"

"You're hateful," she cried. "If Ventrís knew——"

"She would laugh. Tell her, and see."

"Ah, you want me to hurt her."

"Little goose!" he said, seizing Eugenie by the wrist. "Why are you frightened of me?"

"Frightened!" she cried derisively. "What do you take me for? Let go of me at once."

But his fingers tightened, with tormenting pressure.

The child, maddened at his touch, bent quickly, and bit his hand with the ferocity of an animal. He drew away, muttering an oath, as the sharp even teeth made themselves felt.

"Spitfire!" he hissed. "By Jove! I'm not so sure that milk and water is not better after all."

Eugenie knew that by "milk and water" Henry Masterman was alluding to Ventrís.

She turned away from him with a bitter loathing. As she ran towards the house she met her sister, looking like a pale lily in the moonshine of a summer night.

How happy she appeared, hastening to her lover, with a fleecy white shawl about her shoulders, and a strange, uncertain smile of love upon her lips!

"Bah," muttered the child. "When I am engaged I will have a man's whole heart, devotion, life! No half and half or shilly-shallying. Ventrís is too sweet, too good an angel! What does she want with men?"

But the child could not answer this question: she felt there must be more in love than she could understand.

She watched the lovers closely after this, and Henry irritated her more and more. She felt instinctively that he was tiring of Ventrís.

One evening he seemed strangely ill-humoured and morose—spoke little, and avoided the garden.

Eugenie noticed that when he said good-night he slipped a note into her sister's hand.

Ventrís looked surprised, regarded the letter doubtfully, then put it into her pocket, and went quietly up to her chamber.

The child crept softly to her own room, avoiding Ventrís. She had, in fact, avoided everyone throughout the day, for fear they might see in her the

traces of intense overpowering illness, which were making themselves felt. Her throat was very sore, head ached to distraction—she could hardly hold it up.

She remembered some years ago, when she had measles, that the doctor kept her in bed, and shut her away from Ventris. She hated the doctor, and the routine of illness, and her desire to avert discipline overcame her prudence.

"It's all nonsense—I shall be well in the morning—well," she told herself vehemently, clinging to her bedpost, as a sudden dizziness overcame her.

She undressed slowly, and, too weary to brush her hair, knelt down to pray. But that night she could not say her prayers—she was thinking of her painful throat, and wondering how soon it would be well.

"Perhaps I had better confide in Ventris," she thought, slipping her feet

into her slippers again. "It is so dreadful to feel like this, and I am sure if I ask her she will not tell."

Frightened at the weakness that was stealing over her, Eugenie hastened to her sister's room, and pushed the door open without knocking.

To her surprise Ventris was still in her evening dress, lying across the bed with her hands upon her eyes and forehead, motionless as a woman dead.

"Ventris! Ventris!"

The child rushed forward, speaking the name excitedly, and tore her sister's hands back from the livid face and

wide-open eyes which they covered.

"Ventris!" she cried again, "what is the matter?"

The girl sat up, and stared in a dazed sort of way at Eugenie.

"Oh! child, I was just wanting you so badly. Put your arms round me—hold me tight, or I shall go mad! I think I was mad just now before you came and spoke."

"You are in trouble, Ventris; tell me about it. Has Henry been nasty again? He made you cry last night by saying your dress was ugly; but you wore this pretty one to-night!"

Eugenie stroked the lace of the delicate bodice.

"I cried, did I? And for so small a thing! Oh! if I could only cry to-night, but I can't; I'm too sore, too bitter, too wounded! Child—child—can't you guess? Must I say it? I am jilted, jilted, by Henry!"

She raised her arms as if to ward off a blow; the words came in strangled accents; then

Ventris staggered to her feet and paced the room in a feverish frenzy of despair.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she cried; "I can't bear it, I can't! I loved him so, I love him still. I can't believe that he has ceased to care. Oh! it isn't true, Eugenie? Tell me it isn't true. Perhaps I'm dreaming. Look—this letter—read! What does it say?"

At the first glance Eugenie forgot her own suffering; she remembered only that Ventris, the sister she idolized, had been grossly insulted and cut to the quick—her life blighted, her love



"Ventris!" she cried again.

discarded, her hopes killed! She could realize nothing but that her eyes were following the lines of a letter, brutally candid. Its every line filled Eugenie with abhorrence, and a terrible anger against Henry Masterman.

"I am leaving your house to-morrow—early," he wrote in conclusion. "You will not see me again, nor will any of your people. Please tell them the reason of my hasty departure; it will be easier for you to explain. Call me a brute—what you like—only try to forget me!"

"He has not the courage to face us," cried the child. "He wants to sneak away like a thief! He'll catch that five o'clock workmen's train to town, without a single reproach, without a scene of any sort. He escapes free, while you have to suffer the pain—the humiliation! Oh!" clenching her hands, "and that thing calls itself a man!"

"Yet I cared so much—so much, Eugenie, that even now I would give anything to see him again."

"You shan't see him; you don't know what you are saying," retorted the child, holding Ventris almost fiercely in her arms. "You must hate him now for always—hate with your whole heart—think of him as the meanest, lowest wretch that ever crawled!"

The passionate nature of the younger sister suffered intenser agonies than the elder. She it was who seemed to be maddened to desperation at the conduct of the faithless lover.

"Don't look like that, Eugenie; you frighten me!" said Ventris.

She gazed with sudden dread at the child.

"Are you ill?"

"No, Ventris; don't worry about me, I—I—"

She swayed as if she would have fallen.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You are in pain," seeing her signs of physical weakness.

Eugenie pressed her hand to her throat.

"I am hurt," she said, "because

you are hurt. I am mad with Henry—let me go!"

She rushed to the door. Ventris stopped her.

"Your face, child, is scarlet."

"Scarlet with rage; feel how burning hot I am. That is for you, Ventris, I burn for your scars."

Then Eugenie disentangled herself from her sister's embrace, and left her with a strangled "Good-night."

Ventris felt almost too dazed to think. The night was hot and stifling, and she was too weary to undress. For a time she paced her room, watching the hands of the clock stealing from hour to hour with a dull, sleepless wonder.

"He must pass down the garden path under my window," she told herself. "Directly it is daylight I will watch and see him go, for the last time. Then I shall be able to rest, but not before."

With break of dawn she flung her cloak round her shoulders, and, still in the evening dress she had worn the night before, sat by her open window, waiting.

At last her head fell upon her arms, which were folded on the sill, and a merciful oblivion came with the singing of birds, in the sweetness of the summer morning.

In the meanwhile Eugenie lay tossing feverishly upon her bed, while strange phantoms rose at her side, whispering horrible possibilities. "Revenge your sister's wrongs," said one. "She is so weak," chimed in another, "it is for you to act!"

From a dream of Henry Masterman, Eugenie awoke with a start. Her head was whirling, and for the moment she could remember nothing. Gradually the facts of the previous evening returned; and, glancing at the clock, she saw the hands pointed to half-past four.

"What did I do in the dream?" she cried, "let me see—I—I— Ah! yes," springing up, with the energy of delirium, and drawing back the window blind. As she looked down into the garden below, her eyes fell on the figure of Henry Masterman.

He was walking down the gravel path, just as if nothing had happened, as if, in fact, it was the most natural thing in the world to be leaving without a farewell word at such an unconventional hour.

"He shan't go away—he shan't escape—like that!" vowed the child, beside herself with rage, her brain unsteady from illness.

Flinging a wrap about her, she ran quickly downstairs, and paused a moment outside Ventris's boudoir. The door was open, and her eyes fell upon the dagger in its red velvet case, lying upon a small table of nicknacks.

"I'll take that with me," she said, "for fear he should try to kiss me again."

Slipping the weapon under her cloak, she left the house by the one open exit unbarred by the man, and ran across the lawn—a short cut to the direction he had taken.

Little she guessed as she hurried on that Ventris was watching from her window, with the cruel candid letter lying against her heart. First she had seen her faithless lover depart, without so much as an upward glance at her window, then the slim figure of the child following at breathless speed.

Ventris started to her feet, and stood hesitating whether to pursue Eugenie or wait for her return.

The sound of running feet attracted Henry's attention. He turned with the quick flush on his face of a man whose conscience is ill at ease. A look of intense relief came over his features as he caught sight of the child, and a self-satisfied smile lurked round his lips.

"Stop!" she cried; "stop! You shall not go without a word to me."

Speech cost her an effort from the soreness of her throat; but Henry mistook the visible emotion for grief at his departure.

"You heard I was going? Ah! Ventris told you, I suppose. Well, you need not look so angry"—watching with admiration the feverishly flashing eyes—"it's partly your doing. I found myself thinking far too much of you. You have always treated me like the dust under your feet, though you are such a child; and I must say I've often considered that you had abominably bad manners. But manners couldn't alter your eyes, nor your face either, and now that you have shown that you are sorry—now that you have come to say good-bye—"

"Sorry!" she cried; "I came to tell you how I hate you—what a cur I



"Let me go," she cried frantically.



"With a cry she rushed forward."

think you—I—I would kill you, if I dared. You're not as good as a dog—"

Her words choked her.

The man laughed. For the beauty of the child, with her hair dishevelled, and her cheeks aflame, appealed to him. He longed to tame her, to force her to a tender feeling for him, to make her repent this bold assurance.

He came close to her, with the lover's look on his face she had seen there in the past for Ventris. He flung his arms around her before she realized she was fettered, and tried to kiss her.

"Let me go," she cried frantically, her reason slipping away, the madness of anger, and the fire of fever in her blood turning her woman's nature to that of a wild brute in its fury.

But Henry, half amused, half vexed at her struggles, did not release his hold, little dreaming that in her one free hand, beneath her cloak, she held a weapon of defence.

The child thought nothing, knew nothing, of the vital parts of the body, but she struck at him wildly, a chance thrust, but a fatal one.

He fell heavily to the ground, while

Eugenie turned in terror, and rushed away, back to the house, under cover of the trees, hardly knowing what she had done. There was a loud singing in her head, and the sound of voices in her ears.

She could see before her, as she ran, the pale face of the victim looking up from the damp grass. She trembled and stumbled, but terror gave her strength, and it was not till she regained the house, and crept noiselessly to her room, that weakness overcame her. Then she lay murmuring inarticulately upon her bed, and knew no more.

Ventris had meanwhile been watching uneasily for the child, expecting to see her return the way that she had gone—across the lawn. When, however, no sign of Eugenie was forthcoming, Ventris went, nervously and unwillingly, in search of the truant.

What if she should be seen by Henry? The thought turned her cold, and she laid her hand upon the letter she was carrying in her dress. On she walked, hesitatingly, conscious, in spite of her misery, of the balmy fragrance of the morning air. Suddenly

her eyes—could she believe them?—fell upon an object that kindled a great dread in her heart, a terror beyond all words. With a cry she rushed forward, and sank on her knees by the lifeless body of Henry Masterman.

Her cry had been heard, for one of the under-gardeners, who had come early, was passing near the spot. The cry did not reach him a second time, for Ventris, as the full horror of the scene broke upon her bewildered senses, fell prostrate but a few feet from the murdered man, in a dead faint.

It was thus she was found, with the evidence in writing of her lover's desertion upon her, while the dagger that he had given her was discovered draining his life blood.

In the midst of the general confusion, the child was for the time forgotten; and when at last her mother went to break the news, she found Eugenie in the height of delirium. The doctor, who was already in the house, affirmed that it was scarlet fever, and gave orders for prompt treatment and isolation.

* * * *

During that terrible time, when Eugenie hung between life and death, only the hospital nurses were with her, and she never once saw a single member of her family.

She remembered vaguely the incidents of that fatal morning, but was too ill to care whether Henry had lived or died—too dazed and perplexed to realize that perhaps she was a murderess. In all her wanderings of delirium she had never mentioned his name, but she asked perpetually for Ventris.

When she grew better, however, her fears heightened, and retarded her recovery.

"I want to see father—or mother—or Ventris," she said to the day nurse. "You have been very good to me, but it isn't the same, and I am so tired of only seeing strangers."

"You must not ask for them, dear, because of infection. You don't want them to be ill too?"

"How is Ventris? Is she well? Is she happy?"

The nurse turned her face away.

"I have not seen your sister lately."

"Is she so afraid of infection? Doesn't she come and ask after me?"

"She may not come, but she asks often."

"How soon shall I be able to see her?"

"I don't know."

Every day the nurse was obliged to parry similar questions.

"I have been ill a long time, much longer than most people who get the fever, haven't I?" Eugenie asked.

"Yes."

"And what have the others been doing all this time?"

Again the same unsatisfactory reply: "I don't know."

"You don't know anything," grumbled Eugenie. "If you were nice, you would find out. It isn't like Ventris not to write to me sometimes. Is she in the house?"

"No; they are staying in London, it is safer. Scarlet fever's so catching!"

One morning Eugenie woke early with a start. She was thinking of her crime, dreaming again that scene in the garden, which had left only the vaguest memory in her mind. She sat up in bed, her eyes opened widely, her hands clasped.

"Nurse!" she said. "Nurse!"

The woman watching her glanced at the clock, and seemed strangely moved—almost frightened.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Why did you wake?"

Eugenie began to shudder. "I—I think something awful has happened!" she gasped. "I felt it! I tried to scream in my sleep, but I couldn't."

The nurse soothed her as best she could, but was glad when her time came to escape from the sick-room, though the house bore a doleful air, every blind being drawn except that on the child's window.

At last Eugenie's strength was sufficiently returned to enable her to get up,

and look forward to a change of air and scene. It was then that the nurse told her very gently that Ventrís, her beloved sister, was dead.

For long hours the child cried bitterly before she could bring herself to ask any questions. Then she looked up through her tears and said:

"Did she die suddenly?"

"Yes."

"What will father and mother do?"

"You must make up to them by being doubly dear and loving and good!" said the nurse piously. "You have been given back to them after a long and dangerous illness; they have that to be thankful for. Mr. Henry Masterman died first, before your sister. It has been a most terrible shock to Mr. and Mrs. Perugini; so great that no one dare mention this sorrow in their presence.

They even dread meeting you, their own child, and beg most earnestly that you will ask them no questions."

"They are afraid to tell me he was murdered," thought Eugénie. "It is natural—but he deserved to die, for he broke my sister's heart. She pined for him—she died—he was her murderer!"

Soon after the news of Ventrís' death the child was taken to a quiet seaside place, where her parents joined her, utterly broken down, and crushed with grief.

She mourned with them silently, while they watched wonderingly and relieved.

"She suspects nothing," they told each other. "Thank God!"

"But some day she will learn the truth," said her father, "and then—"

"Not yet, not while she is so young," replied Mrs. Perugini, "wait till the



"The nurse soothed her as best she could."

memory of her sister is less green. She will be able to bear it better."

Eugénie had grown strangely silent and thoughtful since her illness; she was tenderness itself to her parents, yet she loved to be alone, to wander by the sea and think of Ventrís. Sometimes she fancied she talked with her.

One day she was sitting alone under a breakwater, when an old woman with shell boxes came and asked her to buy. Eugénie chose one and paid for it. The woman wrapped the box in newspaper, and passed on. Mechanically, Eugénie found herself reading the headings of the paper, an old one by its date.

Suddenly the colour fled from her face, even her lips blanched to a deadly whiteness. She tried to move, to avert her eyes, like one that struggles in the throes of a nightmare. The well-known name, "Ventrís Perugini," it was there—in print. Oh! horror of

cruellest horrors ! "Ventris Perugini, an account of her execution for the murder of Henry Masterman !"

Yet the sea went on singing its monotonous song, and the sun shone just as brightly, mocking at the misery that petrified Eugenie's guilty soul.

Until that moment she had been unrepentant ; now the fierce agony of retribution racked her being ; the bitter truth had come to light !

No burning tears, but the stony grief of a deeper wound lay heavy at her heart.

What could she do to atone ? Clear the stain from her dead sister's memory by a true confession, and put her parents to the awful anguish of a second wrench, or take the sacrifice Ventris had made, and live out her life of remorse ?

She went home unsteadily, still clutching the paper, and still uncertain how to act.

Mrs. Perugini was alone in her room when the child entered, looking old and wan with misery. She had left her shell box on the beach.

"So they hanged Ventris," she said.

"Who told you that ?"

Eugenie flung herself face downwards on the sofa, and dug her teeth into the cushion to prevent herself shrieking aloud her own condemnation.

"Mother, mother ! You don't believe it ! She didn't kill Henry !"

"No, dear, no."

Mrs. Perugini's tears were falling fast.

"What did Ventris say ?"

"She hardly seemed to have the heart to deny it. I think she wanted to die. To the very end she spoke in-

cessantly of her love for you. She asked you to take her place, to live a pure, unselfish life, to try to comfort me."

The words were each a fresh stab, and a sharper, to Eugenie.

"Mother, I want to be alone, quite alone, till to-morrow. The shock was so awful, so sudden, I must think it out quite by myself."

What those hours of solitude cost her only the child herself knew, but they left their traces upon the young face, and robbed it of youth's fresh flower.

In the morning, after a night of vigil, Eugenie watched the clock anxiously.

"Ventris," she whispered, "I know the hour you died—you came to me then—come now. Tell me what I ought to do. At that same hour I shall expect you !"

Her mind was overwrought. She was weak and excited. She fancied that her prayer was answered—that Ventris, white-robed as an angel, with a martyr's crown on her fair hair, came and stood beside her, with a look of infinite love and pity in her eyes.

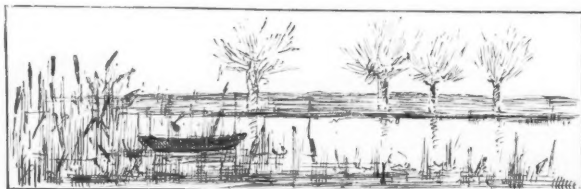
"Do not make my sacrifice worthless, Eugenie," pleaded the soft voice. "You have the harder part of living, the greater punishment. It is by your life, not by your death, that you must atone !"

The child stretched out her arms in silent wonder. Then a cry of joy broke from her lips :

"Ventris ! Ventris ! Let me come to you !"

But the dream form waved her back, whispering : "Not yet—not just yet !"

Winifred Graham.



THE FENIANS ON THE ST. CROIX.*

IT is now more than thirty years since the Fenians added their borrowed name to the story of the river St. Croix; yet the older men among the dwellers on the New Brunswick shore, looking back over that time, must find it hard to realize that their memory covers the longest period of unbroken peace in the history of the province.

Four times since its Loyalist founders settled on its rocky coast have the people of New Brunswick been aroused by threats of armed invasion.

In the war of 1793, French privateers, or lawless New Englanders sailing under French letters of marque, appeared in the Bay of Fundy. Men and money were quickly raised to defend the seaport towns; and one vessel, *La Solide*, was captured by New Brunswick militiamen and carried into St. Andrews as a prize. Again, in the war of 1812, the bay was infested by New England privateers; and the people stood ready to defend their homes, until the British occupation of Eastport deprived the enemy of a port of refuge, and the boundary line, for the time being, was carried west to the Penobscot. Once more, in 1837, the Aroostook war brought a call to arms; and once more it found a ready response, as volunteers from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia hurried forward to repel invasion. And when, in 1866, the rumours of Fenian activity in the United States proved to have some foundation in fact, the people of New Brunswick answered to the call, and their province was the first to meet the threatened danger.

In the autumn of 1865, the movements of the Fenians in New York first aroused suspicions that they were planning a raid on some part of British America. Early in December of that year, Sir Arthur Hamilton-Gordon, at that time Lieutenant-Governor of New

Brunswick, visited the border towns to urge upon the inhabitants the wisdom of taking some precautions.

The question of the Confederation of the provinces of British North America was then before the people. Many were disposed to laugh at the "Fenian scare," as it was called; believing it to be a political move, planned and subsidized by the promoters of the Quebec Scheme for the purpose of influencing the electorate. Many who were willing to believe that the Fenian leaders would really attempt an invasion of British territory were still unwilling to see in the common danger an argument for union, and felt sure that Upper Canada was the province most exposed to their attack. So it happened that when the spring of 1866 brought the report of a Fenian plan of campaign to include the occupation of St. Andrews or Campobello, looking to the conquest of New Brunswick as a convenient base of operations against England, there was very much incredulity mingled with surprise and alarm.

The military authorities, however, had not been idle. Volunteers were already enrolled in all the border parishes; and the news from New York, Buffalo, and other centres of Fenian activity was awaited with eager interest.

The sudden appearance at Eastport of B. Doran Killian, with a few followers, at last convinced the people of the need of action. This was on the 6th of April, 1866. Four days later, another detachment of Fenians arrived by the steamer from Portland; and H.M.S. *Pylades*, from Halifax, anchored at Welshpool, Campobello, on the opposite side of the narrow strait which here forms the international boundary line. Business was immediately suspended at St. Andrews, where two companies of volunteers were on duty

* Previous articles relating to the Fenian Raids may be found in the November, December, January and February numbers. The articles in the first three numbers dealt with the raid into Upper Canada, and that in last month's issue with the raid into Quebec, or Lower Canada.

under Col. Anderson ; and the volunteers at St. Stephen, St. George and Woodstock were called out for active service. The Fenian scare was now found to be a serious matter.

The *Pylades* was followed by the *Rosario*, which anchored off St. Andrews, nearly opposite the Maine town of Robbinston.

Fenians continued to arrive from the westward, and were quartered at hotels and private houses in Eastport, Lubec, Robbinston and Calais, or encamped in small parties along the Maine side of St. Croix. They were a rough-looking lot of men, but quiet and well disciplined ; and as they seemed to have no commissariat, but depended upon the ordinary local sources of supply, it may be safely estimated that their number did not exceed 500 in all.

The officers, Gen. Killian, Major Sinnott, Capt. Gaynor, and others, paraded their titles and proclaimed their plans and motives, announcing to the world that they had come to prevent the British Government from dragging the colonists into Confederation ; but they were evidently disappointed at the lack of sympathy and support from the people on both sides of the line.

Strengthened by Killian's reference to the matter of Confederation at a public meeting in Calais, there was still a lingering doubt with some as to whether the threatened invasion was more than a sham ; when, one night in April, a party of armed men, supposed to be Fenians, made a descent upon Indian Island, a little island in Passamaquoddy Bay, lying nearly opposite Eastport.

Campobello and St. Andrews were protected by the warships ; volunteers were on guard at Deer Island, and at every important point along the shores of the river and bay ; but Indian Island was unguarded.

About two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 15th of April, a few men stepped ashore from a boat, went to the house of the collector of customs, demanded and received the custom-house flag, and rowed away with it. It was

a bloodless foray, ridiculously trifling in itself ; but it was the cause of intense excitement in the neighbouring towns. Capt. Hood, of the *Pylades*, reported to headquarters at St. Andrews. At St. Stephen the volunteers were at church on Sunday morning, when a despatch reached the commanding officer and was read aloud. The Fenians had landed on Indian Island, and carried off the British flag. The effect was magic. The men were no longer playing soldier. As they returned to barracks, others gathered at street corners, eager to be enrolled ; and before an hour had passed there were all the volunteers required to form another company if needed.

More ships were sent from Halifax, including the flagship *Duncan*, which brought Admiral Sir James Hope and Major-General Sir Hastings Doyle, with 570 men of the 17th Foot, a company of Royal Engineers, and a battery of artillery. A Fredericton volunteer company, called the Victoria Rifles, was also sent to the front, and Governor Gordon followed them by special train to St. Andrews.

But Indian Island was still unguarded ; and, a week after the affair of the flag, the bonded warehouse and three storehouses were burned by incendiaries. Then earthworks were thrown up by men detailed from the *Rosario* ; and the *Niger*, the *Pylades*, the *Fawn*, and the *Cordelia* in turn furnished a guard until the arrival from St. Andrews of twenty men of the Gordon Rifles, under Ensign Chandler. These St. Andrews men, by the way, carried off the honours of the campaign for the only real encounter with the enemy ; as, a few nights later, their sentries fired upon and drove off two boats from Eastport that were trying to effect a landing.

Gen. Meade now arrived with a force of United States regulars, making his headquarters at Eastport and stationing a guard at Calais. The Fenians at Eastport had been waiting all this time for arms and ammunition that had been shipped from Portland by sailing vessels, because the pas-

senger steamers had refused to bring them; but when at last the guns arrived, they were promptly seized by the United States authorities. Killian, boldly demanding to have the guns restored, was threatened with arrest; and so, deprived of his arms, and disappointed in the attitude of the provincialists, and in his hope of easily involving the United States in a war with Great Britain, he found himself obliged to give up his scheme of invasion. Finally he sent his followers back to Portland.

In May three companies of the 17th were sent to St. Stephen, to prevent a possible raid from Calais. Their services were not needed, as the last Fenians had left Calais before their arrival. Gen. Meade and his men, a few days later, were ordered to the Niagara frontier, where the Fenians were gathering in force; and the British troops and vessels along the border were gradually withdrawn. The 17th and the artillery were relieved by St. John volunteers of the 66th, and returned to

Halifax by the troop ship *Simoon*; the St. John men were in turn relieved by two companies of the 15th Regiment; and by the middle of June they also were recalled and the local volunteers disbanded.

The presence of the Fenians on the St. Croix was a matter of much more consequence than was apparent at the time. It drew the people of New Brunswick closer to the mother country, and to their fellow-subjects in the upper provinces; it elicited a display of loyalty worthy of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists; and it undoubtedly influenced the pending election. The election went strongly in favour of Confederation. Killian's ambitious and absurd attempt to wreck the British Empire, so far as it had any permanent effect, only tended to strengthen that Empire at its weakest point, by its bearing upon the political movements of the day which led up to the formation of the Dominion of Canada.

J. Vroom.



LIFE.

OUT of the dark, into the dark;
(God pity all when they embark!)
Darker ahead? 'Tis land!—or shoals.
Such the voyage of human souls.

The sea so wide, and lone, and drear,
No light to guide, nowhere to steer;—
Only the sea, and the bell that tolls,
Such the voyage of human souls.

Darker ahead! and yet more deep!
Is it waking, or, is it sleep,—
This calm, this sea that no longer rolls?
Such the voyage of human souls.

Jesse Lamb.

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Jacob Dix was a pawnbroker in the west end of London, whose gypsy wife had died leaving him a son, Jimmy. As the pawnbroker drew near the end of his life he was absolutely alone in the world, this lad having run away. A runaway gypsy niece of his dead wife came to him one day and asked to be allowed to live with him. The pawnbroker took a fancy to her, trained her in the business, and, when he died, left this Hagar Stanley all his wealth. Hagar advertised for the absent heir, administered the estate, and carried on the business of the pawnshop. Her adventures are to be related, each chapter being a complete story in itself.

VIII.—THE SEVENTH CUSTOMER AND THE MANDARIN.

THERE was something very queer about that lacquer mandarin; and something still queerer about the man who pawned it. The toy itself was simply two balls placed together; the top ball, a small one, was the head, masked with a quaintly-painted face of porcelain, and surmounted by a pagoda-shaped hat jingling with tiny golden bells. The large ball below was the body, gaily tinted to imitate the official dress of a great Chinese lord; and therefrom two little arms terminating in porcelain hands, exquisitely finished even to the long nails, protruded in a most comical fashion. Weighted dexterously within, the mandarin would keel over this side and that, to a perilous angle, but he never went over altogether. When set in motion the big ball would roll; the arms would wag, and the head nod gravely, a little red tongue thrusting itself out at every bow. Then the golden bells would chime melodiously, and rolling, wagging, nodding, the mandarin made all who beheld him laugh with his innocent antics. He was worthy, in all his painted beauty, to be immortalised by Hans Anderson.

"A very pretty toy," said Hagar, as the quaint thing tipped itself right and left, front and back. "It comes from China, I suppose?"

She asked this question of the customer, who demanded two pounds on

the figure; but in place of answering her, he burst out into a hoarse laugh, and leered unpleasantly at the girl.

"Comes from other side of Nowhere, I reckon, missus!" he said in a coarse voice; "and a bloomin' rum piece of goods 'tis, anyhow!"

Hagar did not like the man's looks at all, although she was by no means exacting on the score of personal beauty—especially with regard to the male sex. Still, there were was something brutal about this fellow which revolted her every sense. He had a bullet head, with a crop of closely-cut hair; a clean-shaven face of a blue-black dirty hue, where the beard had been removed; a low forehead, a snub nose, a large, ugly mouth, and two cunning grey eyes which never looked anyone straight in the face. This attractive gentleman wore a corduroy suit, a red linen handkerchief round his throat, and a fur cap with earflaps on his head. Also he carried a small black pipe between his teeth, and breathed therefrom an atmosphere of the vilest tobacco. Certainly the toy was queer; but the man queerer. Not at all the sort of person likely to be in possession of so delicate a work of Chinese art and fancy.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Hagar, drawing her black brows together and touching with one finger the swaying mandarin.

"It's all on the square, missus!" growled the man in an injured tone.

"I didn't prig the blessed thing, if

that's yer lay. A pal o' mine as is a sailor brought it from Lord-knows-where an' guv' it me. I wants rhine, I do ; so if you kin spring two quid—"

"I'll give you twenty shillings," said Hagar, cutting him short.

"Oh, my bloomin' eyes! if this ain't robbery an' blue murder!" whined the man; "twenty bob! why, the fun y' gits out of it's worth more!"

"That's my offer—take it or leave it. I don't believe you came honestly by it, and I'm running a risk in taking it."

"Sling us the blunt, then!" said the customer sullenly; "it's the likes of you as grinds down the likes of me! Yah! you an' yer preachin'."

"In whose name am I to make out the ticket?" asked Hagar coldly.

"In the name of Mister William Smith—Larky Bill they calls me; but t'aint h'etikit to put h'endearin' family names on pawn-tickets. I lives in Sawder Alley, Whitechapel."

"Why didn't you go to a nearer pawnshop, then?" said Hagar, taking down Mr. Smith's address, without smiling at his would-be wit.

"That's my biz?" retorted Bill, scowling. "'Ere, gimme the tin; an' don't you arsk no questions and y' won't be tol' no lies! D'ye see?"

Hagar stamped her foot. "Here's the money and the ticket. Take yourself and your insolence out of my shop. Quick!"

"I'm gitting!" growled the man, shuffling towards the door. "See'ere, missus; I comes fur that doll in three months, or it may be four. If it ain't all right an' 'anded up to me proper, I'll break your neck!"

"What's that you say?" Hagar was over the counter, and close at hand by this time. Larky Bill stared open-mouthed at her spirit. "You say another word, my gaol-bird," said Hagar, seizing his ear, "and I'll put you in the gutter!"

"Lordy! what a donah!" muttered Bill, rubbing his ear and when he found himself outside. "She'll look arter the toy proper. Three months. Tck!" he rapped his thumb nail against his teeth.

"I can't get less from the beak; but I've bested Monkey, anyhow!"

And with these enigmatic words, Mr. Smith turned on his heel and went to Whitechapel. There his forebodings were realized, for at the very door of his own house in Sawder Alley he was taken in charge by a grim policeman, and sent to prison for four months. He had stolen some fruit off a coster's barrow on the day previous to his arrest, and quite expected to be—as he phrased it—nabbed for the theft. Therefore he employed the small remnant of freedom still remaining to him to pawn the mandarin in the most distant pawnshop he could think of, which happened to be Hagar's. As Mr. Smith left the court to do his four months, a wizen-faced man slouched close to him.

"Bill," he growled, edging against the policeman, "where's thet doll?"

"That's all right, Monkey! I've put it where you won't git it!" grunted Smith.

When Black Maria rolled away with Bill inside, the man he had called Monkey stood on the edge of the pavement, and cursed freely, till a policeman moved him on. He had a particular desire to gain possession of that doll, as he called it; and it was on this account that Larky Bill had taken the trouble to hide it. Monkey never thought of a pawnshop. It was a case of diamond cut diamond; and one rogue had outwitted the other.

In the meantime Hagar, quite unaware of the value attached to the Chinese toy, placed it away among other pawned articles upon a high shelf. But it did not always remain there; for Bolker, a child in many ways, notwithstanding his precocious intelligence, found it out, and frequently took it down to play with. Hagar would not have permitted this had she known, as the toy was given into her charge for safe keeping, and she would have been afraid of Bolker spoiling the paint or rubbing off the gilding. Bolker knew this and was clever enough to play with the mandarin only when Hagar was absent. He placed it on the counter, and made it sway in its quaint

fashion. The waving arms, the nodding head, and the roseleaf of a tongue slipping in and out, enchanted the lad, and he would amuse himself for hours with it. It was strange that a gilded toy, contrived no doubt for the amusement of grave Chinese Emperors, should descend to afford pleasure to an arab of London City. But the Mandarin was an exile from the Flowery Land, and rocked as merrily in the dingy pawnshop as ever he had done in the porcelain palaces of Pekin.

A month or two after the mandarin had been pawned, Bolker announced in the most unexpected manner that he intended to better himself. He had been given, he said, the post of shop-boy in a West-end bookseller's establishment; and as he was fond of literature, he intended to accept it. Hagar rather wondered that anyone should have placed sufficient confidence in this arab to give him a situation; but she kept her wonderment to herself, and gave him leave to go. She was sorry to lose the benefit of his acute intelligence, but personally she had no great love for this scampish hunchback; so she saw him depart without displaying much sorrow. Thus Bolker vanished from the pawnshop and from Carby's Crescent, and ascended into higher spheres.

Nothing new happened after his departure. The mandarin remained untouched on the shelf, and the dust collected over his motionless figure. Hagar quite forgot about the toy and its pawnner; and it was only when Larky Bill was released from prison and came to claim his property that she recalled the incident. She took down the figure, dusted it carefully, and set it swaying on the counter before Mr. Smith. Neither Bill nor Hagar noticed that it did not roll so easily and gracefully as usual.

"Here's the quid and interest and ticket," said Bill, tendering all three. "I'm glad to get this 'ere back again. No one's touched it, 'ave they?"

"No. It has been on that shelf ever since you pawned it. Where have you been?"

Larky Bill grinned. "I've bin stayin' at a country 'ouse of mine for my 'ealth's sake," he said, tucking the mandarin under his arm. "Say, missus, a cove called Monkey didn't come smellin' round 'ere for this himage?"

"Not that I know of. Nobody asked for the toy."

"Guess it's all right," chuckled Bill gleefully. "Yah, to think as how I've done that bloke! Won't he cuss when he knows I've got 'em!"

What "them" were Mr. Smith did not condescend to explain at that particular moment. He nodded familiarly to Hagar, and went off, still chuckling with the mandarin in charge. Hagar put away the money, and thought that she had seen the last of Bill; but she reckoned wrongly. Two hours afterwards he was back in the shop, mandarin and all, with a pale face, a wild eye, and a mouth full of abuse. At first he swore at large without giving any explanation; so Hagar waited till the bad language was ended, and then asked him quietly what was the matter. For answer Bill plumped down the Chinese toy on the counter, and clutched his fur cap with both hands.

"Matter, cuss you!" he shrieked furiously—"as if ye didn't know! I've been robbed!"

"Robbed! What nonsense are you talking? And what have I to do with your being robbed?"

Bill gasped, and pointed to the mandarin, who was rolling complacently with a fat smile on his porcelain visage. "That—that doll!" he spluttered. "I've been robbed!"

"Of the doll?" asked Hagar, impatiently.

"Y' young Jezebel! Of the dimins, dimins!"

"Diamonds!" echoed the girl, starting back in astonishment.

"Yes! Y' know, hang you, y' know! Twenty thousan' poun' of dimins! They was in that doll—inside 'im. They ain't there now! Why not? 'Cause you've robbed me! Thief! Yah!"

"I did not know that there were any jewels concealed in the mandarin," said

Hagar calmly. "Had I known I should have informed the police."

"Blown the gaff, would ye? An' why?"

"Because a man in your position does not possess diamonds, unless he steals them. And now I think of it," added Hagar quickly, "about the time you pawned this toy Lady Deacey's jewels were stolen. You stole them!"

"P'raps I did, p'raps I didn't!" growled Bill, mentally cursing Hagar for the acuteness of her understanding. "Tany rate, 'warnt your biz to prig 'em!"

"I tell you I never touched them! I did not know they were in there!"

"Then who did, cuss you? When I guv you the doll, the dimins were inside; now they ain't. Who took 'em?"

Hagar pondered. It was certainly odd that the diamonds should have been stolen. She had placed the mandarin on the shelf on the day of its pawning, and had not removed it again until she had returned it to its owner. Seeing her silent, Bill turned the toy upside down, and removed a square morsel of the lacquer, which fitted in so perfectly as to seem like one whole piece. Within was the dark hollow of the ball—empty.

"I put them dimins into 'ere with my own 'and," persisted Bill, pointing one grimy finger at the gap; "they were 'ere when I popped it; they ain't 'ere now. Where are they? Who's bin playing with my property?"

"Bolker!" cried Hagar without thinking. It had just flashed across her mind that one day she had found Bolker amusing himself with the mandarin. At the time she had thought nothing of it, but had replaced the toy on its shelf, and forbidden the lad to meddle with it. But now, recalling the episode, and connecting it with Bolker's sudden departure, she felt convinced that the imp had stolen the concealed jewels. But, she wondered, how had he become cognisant that twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds was hidden in the hollow body of the doll? The thing puzzled her.

"Bolker?" echoed Larky Bill wrath-

fully. "And who may that cuss be?"

"He was my shop boy; but he left three months ago to better himself."

"I dessay! With my dimins, I'll bet. Where is he, that I may cut his bloomin' throat!"

"I shan't tell you," said Hagar, alarmed at the brutal threat of the man, and already regretting that she had been so candid.

"I'll make you! I'll twist your neck!" raged Bill, mad with anger.

He placed his great hands on the counter to vault over; but the next moment he dropped back before the shining tube of a neat little revolver, which levelled itself in Hagar's hand. She snatched it up to protect herself.

"I keep this always by me," said she calmly, "to protect myself against such rogues as you!"

Bill stared at her blankly, then turned on his heel and left the shop. At the door he paused and shook his fist. "I'll find that Bolker and smash the life out of him!" he said hoarsely; "then, my fine madam, I'll come back to lay you out!" after which he vanished, leaving the mandarin still rocking on the counter with its eternal smile.

Hagar put away the pistol, and took up the figure. Now she knew about the diamonds, and had forced Bill to admit, as he had done indirectly, that they had been stolen from Lady Deacey, therefore she thought it possible that the Chinese toy might belong to the same owner. In spite of her fearlessness, Hagar was not altogether happy in her mind as regarded the burglar. If he did not find the diamonds he was quite capable of returning to murder her. On the whole, Hagar concluded that it would be just as well for society at large, and herself in particular, if Mr. Smith were restored to the prison whence he had lately emerged. After some consideration she resolved to see Vark, the lawyer, and tell him the episode of the mandarin, taking the image with her as evidence. Vark, if anyone, would be able to deal with the intricacies of the affair.

In the meantime, Bill Smith had re-

paired to the public-house which guarded the narrow entrance to Carby's Crescent, and there was drowning his regrets in strong drink. As he drained his tankard of ale, he fell into conversation with the fat landlord—a brutal-looking prize-fighter, who looked as though he had been in gaol—quite a bird of Mr. Smith's feather. These two congenial spirits recognized each other, and became so friendly, indeed, that Bill thought it a good opportunity to extract information regarding the whereabouts of Bolker. He was too wise to explain his reason for making these inquiries.

"That's a fine gal in the pawnshop, hay!" said he with a leer.

"Wot—'Agar? She's a plum, ain't she?—but not for every man's pickin'; oh, no; not she! 'Agar kin look arter herself proper!" said the landlord.

"Does she mind that shorp all alone?"

"Jus' now she does," replied mine host. "She 'ad a boy, a wicked little 'unchback devil; Bolker's 'is name. But he's hoff; gitting a wage in West-end, as I do 'ear."

"West-end?" said Bill reflectively. "And where might 'e 'ang out there?"

"Ho, in a swell, slap-up bookshop. Jeppins, Son an' Juppins, Les'ser Square way. 'Is parients live down 'ere, but Bolker's that set up with 'is good luck as 'e looks down on 'em."

"Do 'e now!" said Bill amiably. "I'd twist 'is neck if 'e wos my kid. No more booze, thankee. I'm orf to see a pal o' mine."

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Smith repaired to Leicester Square, and loafed up and down the pavement before the bookshop. He saw Bolker several times during the day; for, having been told by the landlord that the lad was a hunchback, he had no difficulty in recognizing him. Up till the evening he kept a close watch, and when Bolker had put up the shutters, and was walking homeward, Bill followed him stealthily. All unknowing that he was followed by a black shadow of crime and danger, Bolker paused on Westminster Bridge

to admire the red glories of the sunset; then plunged into the network of alleys which make up Lambeth. In a quiet lane by the river he was gripped from behind; a large hand was clapped over his mouth to prevent his crying out, and he was dragged down on to a ruined wharf which ran out through green slime into the turbid waters of the stream.

"Now, then, I've got ye!" said his captor in a savage tone—"an' I've got a knife, too, y' bloomin' thief!" Yes, y' answer me strite, or I'll cut yer 'ead orf!"

Bolker gasped with alarm; but, not recognizing the threatening face of the man before him, he recovered a little of his native impudence, and began to bluster.

"Here, now, what do you mean by this? What have I done?"

"Done, y' whelp! Opened that doll and prigged them dimins!"

"Larky Bill!" cried Bolker, at once recognizing his peril. "Here, let me go!"

"Not till y' give up my property—my dimins."

"What property? What diamonds?"

"Oh, y' know what 'm drivin' at, cuss you! Y're the 'unchback as wos in the shorp kep' by that foine gal 'Agar. I popped that doll, with dimins in 'is innards, an' you stole 'em."

"I did nothing of the sort. I——"

"'Ere! drop yer lies, y' imp! Y' knew moi name, y' did, so y' knows more! Jes' look et this knoif! S' elp me, but I'll slip it int' ye ef y' d'ont tell!"

He threw the terrified boy across his knee and placed the cold steel at his throat. The rose-red sky spun overhead in the eyes of Bolker, and he thought that his last hour had come. To save himself there was nothing for it but confession.

"Wait! wait! I'll tell you!" he gasped. "I did take the diamonds."

"Y' young cuss!" growled Bill, setting the lad on his feet again with a jerk. "An' 'ow did y'know they was inside that himage?"

"Monkey told me."

Bill started to his feet with an oath, but still kept his grip on Bolker's shoulder to prevent him getting away. "Monkey!" he said fiercely. "Wot did 'e tell y'?"

"Why, that Lady Deacey's diamonds were inside the mandarin."

"How did Monkey come to find that doll?"

"He got the office from a girl called Eliza, who saw you pawning the toy."

"Liz sold me!" muttered Bill. "I thought as I saw 'er on that daiy. She mus' ha' twigged that doll under m' arm, and guessed as I popped it. Gord! I'll deal with 'er laiter, I will! Garn, y' dorg, and tell me th' rest!" he added, shaking the boy.

"There is no more to tell," whimpered Bolker, his teeth chattering. "Monkey couldn't get the mandarin, 'cause he had not the ticket. He made friends with me, and asked me to steal it. I wouldn't, until he told me why he wanted it. Then he said that you had stolen twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds from Lady Deacey's house in Curzon Street, and that you had hidden them in the mandarin. He said we'd go whacks if I'd steal them for him. I couldn't get the mandarin, as Hagar's so sharp she would have missed it, and put me in gaol for stealing it; so I opened the doll, and took out the diamonds which was in a leather bag."

"Moy bag, moy dimins!" said Bill savagely. "What did y' do with 'em?"

"I gave them to Monkey, and he cleared out with them. He never gave me a single one; and I don't know where to find him."

"I does!" growled Mr. Smith, releasing Bolker, "an' I'll fin' 'im and slit his bloomin' throat. 'Ere! I say, y' come back!" for, taking advantage of his release, Bolker was racing up the wharf.

Bill gave chase, as he wanted to obtain further information from the lad; but Bolker knew the neighbourhood better than the burglar, and soon eluded him in the winding alleys.

"It don' matter!" said Bill, giving up the chase and wiping his brow. "Monkey's got the swag. Might ha' guessed as he'd round on me. I'll jes' see 'im and Liz, and if I don't make 'em pay fur this, ma'y I——!" Then he clinched his resolve with an oath, which it is unnecessary to repeat here. After relieving his feelings thus, he went in search of his perfidious friend, with murderous thoughts in his heart.

At first he thought that it would be difficult to find Monkey. No doubt the man, on obtaining the diamonds, had gone off to America, North or South, so as to escape the vengeance of his pal—Bill had always been Monkey's pal—and to live comfortably on the fruits of his villainy. Later on the burglar learnt, rather to his surprise, that Monkey was still in London, and still was haunting the thieves' quarter in Whitechapel. Bill wondered at this choice of a residence when the man had so much money in his possession; but he ascribed this longing to Monkey's love for his old haunts and associates. Nevertheless, knowing that Bill was out of prison, it was strange that the man did not look sharper after his skin.

"'E knows wot I am when I'm riz!" said Bill to himself, as he continued his search, "so he ought to git orf while 'is throat ain't cut! Blimme! but I'll 'ave a drop of 'is 'eart's blood fur every one of them bloomin' dimins!"

One evening he found Monkey in the parlour of a low public-house called the Three Kings, and kept by a Jew of ill-fame, who was rather a fence than a landlord.

His traitorous friend, more wizened and shrivelled up than ever, was seated in a dark corner, with an uplifted pipe in his mouth, a half-drained tankard of bitter before him, and his hands thrust moodily into his pockets. If Monkey had the diamonds his appearance belied their possession, for he looked anything but prosperous. There was no appearance of wealth in his looks or manner or choice of abode.

"Wot, Bill, ole pal!" he said, looking up when Mr. Smith hurled himself into the room. "Y've got hout of quod!"

"Yus! I've got hout to slit yer throat!"

"Lor! whined Monkey uncomfortably. "Wot's you accusin' me fur? I ain't done nuffin', s'elp me!"

Bill drew a chair before that of Monkey, and taking out his knife played with it in a significant manner. Monkey shrank back before the glitter of the blade and the ugly look in his pal's eyes, but he did not dare to cry out for assistance lest the burglar should pounce on him.

"Now, look 'ee 'ere, Monkey," said Bill with grim deliberation, "I don't want none of yer bloomin' lip, ner lies eiather! D'y see? I've seen that beast of a kid as you put up to steal my dimins, and—"

"Yah! that kid!" cried Monkey with sudden ferocity. "Wish I'd 'im 'ere; I'd squeeze the 'eart out o' him!"

"Wot fur? Didn't 'e git y' the swag—moy swag—cuss y'?"

"No, I didn't; an' ef 'e ses I did, 'e's a liar. I tell you, Bill, 'e kep' them shiners to 'imself, cuss 'im!"

"That's a lie, I tell y'!"

"'Tain't! When I tole the kid about the dimins he stole 'em sure, an' lef' th' doll so es the pawnshop gal wouldn't fin' out. But I never saw 'im again, though I watched the shorp like a bloomin' tyke. The boy cleared out with them dimins. I wish I 'ad 'im 'ere! I'd choke the little d—l!"

Bill reflected, and slipped the knife into his pocket. Without doubt Monkey was speaking the truth; he was too savagely in earnest to be telling a falsehood. Moreover, if he really possessed the diamonds he would not remain hard up and miserable in the thieves' quarter of dingy Whitechapel. No; Bolker had kept the jewels, and had deceived Monkey; more than that, in the interview on the ruined wharf he had deceived Bill himself. Priding himself on his astuteness, Mr. Smith felt savage at having been sold by a mere boy.

"If I kin on'y git 'im agin," he thought when leaving the Three Kings, "I'll take the 'ead orf 'im."

But he found it difficult to lay hands on Bolker, although for more than a week he haunted the shop in Leicester Square. Warned by his one experience that Bill was a dangerous person to meddle with, Bolker had given notice to his employers, and at present was in hiding. Also, he was arranging a little scheme whereby to rid himself of Larky Bill's inopportunities. Vark was the man who undertook to carry out the details of the scheme; and Hagar was consulted also with regard to its completion. These three people, Vark, Hagar and Bolker, laid an ingenious trap for unsuspecting Bill, into which he walked without a thought of danger. He had been betrayed by Monkey, by Bolker, by Liz; now he was going to be sold by Vark, the lawyer. Truly, the fates were against Bill at this juncture.

Vark was a thieves' lawyer, and had something in him of a latter-day Fagin; for he not only made use of criminals when he could do so with safety, but also he sold them to justice when they became dangerous. As he saw a chance of making money out of Bill Smith, he resolved to betray him, and sent for the man to come to him at once. As Vark had often done business with the burglar, Bill had no idea that it was in the lawyer's mind to sell him, and duly presented himself at the spider's office in Lambeth, like a silly fly. The first thing he saw on entering the room was the mandarin swaying on the table.

"You are astonished to see that," said Vark, noticing his surprise. "I daresay; but you see, Bill, I know all about your theft of the Deacey diamonds."

"Who tole you?" growled Bill, throwing himself into a chair.

"Hagar of the Pawnshop," replied Vark, slowly and with significance.

Bill's eyes lighted up fiercely, in precisely the way Vark wished. The lawyer had not forgiven Hagar for refusing to marry him, and for curtailing his

pickings in the Dix estate. For these reasons he wished her evil; and if he could inoculate the burglar's heart with a spite towards her, he was bent on doing so. It appeared from Bill's next speech that he had succeeded.

"Oh, 'twas that gal, was it?" said Mr. Smith quietly. "I might ha' guessed it by seein' that himage. Well, I owe 'er one, I do, and I guess I'll owe 'er another. But that's my biz; 'tain't yourn. Wot d'ye want?" he added, looking at the lean form of Vark in a surly manner.

"I want to see you about the Deacey diamonds. Why did you not bring them to me when you stole them?"

"Whoy? 'Cause I didn't b'lieve in ye!" retorted Bill. "I know'd I was in fur toime when I prigged them apples, an' I wasn't going to trust my swag to y' or Monkey. Y'd ha' sold me."

"Well, Monkey did sell you."

"Yah! 'e didn't get much on th' deal!"

"No; but Bolker did."

"Bolker!" echoed Bill, grinding his teeth.

"I suppose you wonder where the diamonds are?"

"Yus. I want 'em!"

"That's a pity," said Vark with irony—"because I am afraid you won't get them."

"Where is them dimins?" asked Bill, laying his open knife on the table.

Vark passed over the question. "I suppose you know that the police are after you for the Deacey robbery?" he said, slipping his hand idly across the table till it was within reach of the knife. "Oh, yes; Lord Deacey offered a reward for the recovery of the jewels. That has been paid, but as you are still at large, the police want you, my friend!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid of y' givin' me up; I'm too useful t' y', I am, and I knows too much about y'. The peelers shawn't put me in quod this toime. Who got the reward?" he asked suddenly.

"Bolker got it."

"Bolker!"

"Yes. Monkey made a mistake when he trusted the lad. Bolker thought that he would make more out of honesty than by going shares with Monkey. When he found the jewels, he went off with them to Scotland Yard. Lady Deacey has them now; and Bolker," added Vark, smiling, "has money in the bank."

"Cuss 'im; whoy didn't I cut 's bloomin' throat down by the river?"

"That is best known to yourself," replied Vark, who was now playing with the knife. "Your are in a tight place, my friend, and may get some years for this robbery."

"Yah! No one knows I did it!"

"There is the evidence against you!" said Vark, pointing to the mandarin. "You stole that out of Lord Deacey's drawing-room along with the diamonds. You pawned it, and Hagar can swear that you did so. Bolker can swear that the stolen diamonds were inside. With these two witnesses, my poor Bill, I'm afraid you'd get six years or more!"

"Not me!" said Bill, rising. "Y' won't give me up; and I ain't feared of anyone else."

"Why not? There is a reward offered for your apprehension."

"What d' I care? Who'll git it?"

"I will!" replied Vark coolly, rising.

"You?" Bill recoiled for a moment, and sprang forward. "Cuss you! Y'd sell me, y' shark! Gimme my knife!"

"Not such a fool, Mr. Smith!"

Vark threw the knife into a distant corner of the room, and levelled a revolver at the bullet head of the advancing burglar. Bill fell back for the moment—fell into the arms of two policemen.

He gave a roar like a wild beast.

"Trapped, by ——!" he yelled, and struggled to get free.

The next moment Hagar and Bolker were in the room, and Bill glared at one and the other.

"Y' trapped me, d—n y'!" said he; "wait till I git out!"

"You'll kill me, I suppose?" said Hagar scornfully.

"No; shawn't kill you. There's on'y one cove as I'd swing fur—that beastly thief of a lawyer!"

Vark recoiled before the glare in the man's eyes; and as Bill, foaming and cursing, was hurried out of the room, he looked at Hagar with a nervous smile.

"That's bluff," he said feebly.

"I don't think so," replied Hagar quietly. "Good-bye, Mr. Vark. I'm afraid you won't live more than seven years."

When she went out, Bolker grinned at the lawyer and, with frightful pantomime, he drew a stroke across his neck. Vark looked at the clasp-knife in the corner and shivered. The mandarin on the table rolled and smiled always.

(To be Continued.)



ALONE.

HOW lone is day!
The rain-drops dripping through the leafless bough,
The stabled beast, the leaning plough;
The sheep-dog crouches 'gainst the battened door,
And whistling winds drive 'cross the moor.

How lone the day
And thee away!

How lone the day!
That waits not for the twilight hour,
The evening meal, the gathered flower;
No welcome at the half-swung, drunken gate,
No kisses 'neath the ivys wait.

And blue is grey,
With thee away.

How lone is day!
But lonelier when the fire-light's glare
Lone wanders 'bout the room so bare;
The stars are cold!—no warm "good night,"
The pillow's weary waste of white—

Lone night and day,
With thee away!

Jesse Lamb.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA.*

CHAPTER I.

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. THE S.P.G. AND THEIR MISSIONARIES.

THE history of the Anglican Church in Canada, presenting as it does that body in several different phases, is a somewhat curious study, but one which will amply repay any one interested in ecclesiastical history. The knowledge to be gained will more than compensate any Canadian for any trouble that he may take.

In this year of grace 1898, the Anglican Church in Canada is one united body divided into twenty-one dioceses, which include the whole of the Dominion, besides the island of Newfoundland, in their jurisdiction. Each diocese is presided over by its bishop, and the whole church has for its Metropolitan the prelates who preside over the sees of Rupert's Land and Ontario. The title of Archbishop was given to these prelates in September, 1893, at the first General Synod which met in Toronto in that month. It must be borne in mind that the title of Archbishop is confined solely to the prelate bearing it for the time being. Neither the sees of Ontario nor Rupert's Land are archbishoprics *de jure*; on the decrease or retirement of either of the present occupants of either diocese the bishop who succeeds to the see will not necessarily be Archbishop.

In was in 1713 that Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia, was ceded by the treaty of Utrecht to the Crown of Great Britain, and thirty-six years later, in 1749, the city of Halifax was founded by Colonel (afterwards Lord) Cornwallis. From 1713 to 1749 the seat of government had been at Annapolis, but in 1749 it was transferred to Halifax, though a few troops were kept at the former place and were continued there until about 1850.

Up to 1749 the colonists and settlers in Acadia were ministered to either by naval or military chaplains, or by missionaries sent from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. There were practically no resident clergymen supported by the people amongst whom they worked.

At the annual meeting of the S.P.G., held in London, England, on February 20th, 1713, a resolution was proposed and duly carried that General Francis Nicholson, who was then leaving England to assume his duties as Governor of Nova Scotia, "should be requested to take cognizance of and make enquiry concerning all the Society's missionaries, schoolmasters and catechists; as also of the churches, glebes, parsonage houses and libraries sent by the Society in the plantations within the verge of his commission (as a person who has deserved well of the Society, in his several stations, for his love to the ministry, and for his laying the foundations of churches); accordingly a deputation has been given him under the common seal of the Society, for the purposes mentioned, with a salvo to the Queen's prerogative, and the jurisdictions of the Lord Bishop of London."

When Nicholson was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia the S.P.G. had in the whole of America about a score of missionaries, and half-a-dozen schoolmasters who were laymen. On the foundation of Halifax a marked improvement had taken place. "In thirty years," says Eaton in his admirable history, "the list had so increased that in 1749, when the Cornwallis fleet sailed into Chebucto Bay, bringing two clergymen and one schoolmaster for Nova Scotia, there were already working in America no less than sixty-three clergymen, twelve schoolmasters and six catechists, of which number New

* To consist of six chapters, and to be completed in three issues of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

England had nineteen clergymen, New York two, South Carolina ten, Pennsylvania eight, New Jersey five, Georgia five, North Carolina two, Newfoundland two, and the Bahama Islands two."

There is no more discreditable page in the history of the Mother Church in Great Britain than her grievous, almost criminal, neglect of the spiritual interests of the North American colonists. The marvel is, not that Episcopacy as it is understood by Anglicans, is so weak in the United States and in Canada, but that it is so strong. If the prelates and laymen of the English Church at home had desired to prevent the growth of Anglicanism in the colonies, if they had wished to foster dissent, Romanism and infidelity, if they had sought to utterly estrange English emigrants to America from the church of their fathers, they could not have adopted better means to accomplish their purpose than those they pursued.

From the period of the Reformation until 1784, when the North American colonies had become the United States of America, every Anglican clergyman officiating in North America had to be ordained in England! Though from the Elizabethan period until that of George III.—more than two hundred years—there had been a constant and ever-increasing emigration from Great Britain and Ireland to America, not one effort, except a half-hearted one by Archbishop Laud, was made by the Archbishops of Canterbury to send missionary bishops to America. True it is that missionaries were badly needed during the greater portion of the period referred to in all or nearly all the English sees, to arouse the bishops and clergy to a sense of their duty and to the spiritual destitution which prevailed on all sides of them. This, though, makes their conduct all the more reprehensible; they were not content to neglect their own people, who could to a certain degree call them to account, but were also utterly disregardful of those of their faith beyond the sea who had no means of obtaining redress.

Governor Nicholson, who had been Governor of Maryland from 1694 to 1699, during his term of office wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury telling him plainly: "Unless bishops can be had the church will surely decline." Yet nearly a century elapsed before any bishops for America were consecrated, and even then it was the Scotch prelates who ordained them, and not the Archbishop of either Canterbury or York.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CANADIAN BISHOP AND THE EARLY CLERGY.

As has been mentioned in the last chapter, the first bishop for America was consecrated in 1784. He was a native of Connecticut, named Samuel Seabury, who was chosen by a small company of clergymen who met secretly at Woodbury, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. To again quote Eaton, these clergy "were not even certain that whoever might be consecrated would be permitted to live in the United States; but they said, 'if he is not, then we can establish him across the border, in Nova Scotia, and send our candidates to him for ordination there, until better times shall dawn.'" Dr. Seabury accepted the nomination, and, "in Admiral Digby's returning flagship, sailed to England, where he vainly tried for a year to get consecration. At last, finding that further attempts in England would be useless, he went north to Scotland, and by these bishops of the 'obscure and broken,' non-juring Scottish Episcopal Church, Robert Kilgour, Arthur Petrie, and John Skinner, on the 14th November, 1784, he was consecrated the first bishop for the continent of America."

It has been necessary to deal thus fully with the history of Episcopacy in the United States, because it is indissolubly connected with that of the same institution in Canada. About the same time as the Connecticut clergymen met in Woodbury a number of clergymen, eighteen in all, met in

New York to discuss their plans for securing to America the historic Episcopate; but, as says the historian already quoted, their "scheme had not direct relation to either New England, the Middle States, or the South; but rather to the remote province of Nova Scotia, where already many of the church's warmest supporters in the now independent Colonies had taken refuge, and whither some of themselves contemplated soon removing." The names of these clergymen were: The Reverends Charles Inglis, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York; H. Addison, of St. John's, Maryland; Jonathan Odell, Missionary at Burlington and Mount Holly, New Jersey; Benjamin Moore, D.D., Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New York; Charles Mongan; Samuel Seabury, D.D., Missionary at Staten Island, New York; Jeremiah Leaming, Missionary, late at Norwalk, Connecticut; I. Waller; Moses Badger, S.P.G. Itinerant Missionary in New Hampshire; George Panton, Missionary at Trenton, New Jersey; John Beardsley, Missionary at Poughkeepsie, New York; Isaac Browne, Missionary at Newark, New Jersey; John Sayre, Missionary, late at Fairfield, Connecticut; John Hamilton Rowland, Missionary in Pennsylvania; Thomas Moore, of New York; George Bissett, Rector of Newport, Rhode Island; Joshua Bloomer, Missionary at Jamaica, Flushing, and Newtown, Long Island; and John Bowden, of Newburgh, New York.

Exactly one-half of these clergymen very soon after this meeting went to Nova Scotia, while three of them became bishops in the newly-organised church on this continent. These three were, Dr. Seabury, consecrated 1784; Dr. Inglis, consecrated 1787; and Dr. Moore, consecrated 1801.

The first result from this meeting of clergymen was a petition to Sir Guy Carleton (afterwards Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General of Canada) dated New York, March 26th, 1783, asking that Dr. Thomas Bradbury Chandler, a clergyman doing duty in New Jersey,

but at the time on a visit in England, should be consecrated the first bishop of Nova Scotia. The request of the clergy was complied with in so far as offering the office to Dr. Chandler was concerned, but he, being in very bad health, was obliged to decline the honour; but on being asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to name a suitable person, he at once named Dr. Charles Inglis, sometime rector of the historic Trinity Church, New York.

Dr. Inglis was at this time about fifty years of age and had had a most arduous and eventful career. He had been a schoolmaster in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in his early manhood, and when he had attained the canonical age was, in 1758, ordained in England by the Bishop of London, and licensed to the mission of Dover, Delaware. He entered on his duties in the summer of 1759 and for twelve years pursued them with unabated energy. About 1765 his health broke down and he accepted an invitation to become assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York, of which parish on the death of Dr. Auchmuty, the rector, in 1777, he became the incumbent. Eaton relates the story of Dr. Inglis' induction thus:

"The church had been burned the year before in the terrible fire in which nearly one thousand buildings in the western part of New York City were destroyed, and Dr. Inglis was inducted into office by placing his hands on a portion of the ruined wall, in presence of the wardens, and taking the usual obligations. From letters of various missionaries to the S.P.G., we learn that when General Washington assumed command in New York, designing to attend Trinity Church, he sent word by one of his generals that he would be glad to have the rector omit the customary prayers for the king and the royal family. To this request Dr. Inglis paid no attention at the time, but when later he saw Washington, he remonstrated with him on its unreasonableness. Soon after, he was insulted and threatened with violence in the streets by Whig sympa-

thizers, who called him a traitor to his country, his great offence being his persisting to pray for the king. At last, one Sunday morning, during service, about one hundred and fifty men entered the church with bayonets fixed, drums beating, and fifes playing, and after standing for a few minutes in the aisle were given seats in the pews. The congregation were terrified, but Dr. Inglis went quietly on with the service and as usual offered the offensive prayers, the soldiers listening, however, without remonstrance." * *

"His letters during the progress of the Revolution show him to have been very pronounced in his sympathy with the Crown, and correspondingly bitter against the Whigs. 'The present rebellion,' he writes to the Society, in the autumn of 1776, 'is certainly one of the most causeless, unprovoked, and unnatural that ever disgraced any country. Not one of the clergy in these provinces (he says) and very few of the laity who were respectable, or men of property, have joined in the rebellion. I have no doubt but, with the blessing of Providence, His Majesty's arms will be successful, and finally crush this unnatural rebellion.'"

In 1783, the year in which New York was evacuated by the British troops, Dr. Inglis, who, with his wife, had been included in the New York Confiscation Act, went to Nova Scotia, and about eighteen months later proceeded on a visit to England, where, on August 12th, 1787, he was consecrated at

Lambeth the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, his diocese including Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda!

The names of the missionary clergy, with navy and military chaplains, whom Dr. Inglis found throughout the entire diocese, were as follows:

In Nova Scotia—Reverends Jacob Bailey, John Wiswell, J. Eagleson, Roger Viets, P. De la Roche, J. W. Weeks, Dr. Mather Byles, B. H. Howseal, R. Money, T. Shreve, William Walter, Rana Cossitt, W. Ellis, Isaac Brown.

In New Brunswick—Reverends S. Cooke, R. Clarke, J. Scovil, John Beardsley, S. Andrews, George Bissett.

In Lower Canada (now Quebec)—Reverends David C. De Lisle, James Tunstall, David F. De Montmollin, Philip Toosey, John Doty, L. J. B. N. Veyssière.

In Upper Canada (now Ontario)—Reverends John Stuart, John Langhorne.

In Newfoundland—Reverends J. Balfour, John Harris, Walter Price, J. Clinch.

Among all these, it will be noticed that there were but two clergy in Upper Canada—Mr. Stuart at Kingston, who was father of the Rev. G. O'Kill Stuart, sometime "missionary at York," and who in 1812 succeeded his father as rector of St. George's, Kingston; and Mr. Langhorne on the Bay of Quinte.

(To be Continued.)



A YUKON ROMANCE.

With Three Illustrations by W. Goode.

JARKINS was possessed of an idea.

He always was possessed of one that stood out prominently over a large number of others that he sort of held in reserve. Jarkins never made anything that I ever heard of out of these ideas, which he would trot out successively as he got tired of the preceding one; but then Jarkins was not a practical man, and he was cursed by a species of ill-luck that dogged him. People who didn't know him well said that his ideas were fads; vulgar people said that, instead of ideas, he had "wheels in his head"; and a Scotchman referred to one of Jarkins' pet schemes as "a bee in his bonnet." Jarkins' ideas were all right, but they were generally born a little too soon. And by the time the world was ready for one and it was marketable, Jarkins was tired of it; and some commonplace practical being would take it up and make a few millions. If he did happen to strike an opportune time for promulgating the idea or putting it into working shape, some unforeseen streak of ill-luck, for which Jarkins was in no way responsible, would shatter the idea into fragments. And Jarkins would then throw it aside as useless and get another one from his ample store. And history would repeat itself.

Jarkins had gone up the Nile on the Gordon Relief Expedition with a great big idea about engaging in the ivory trade, the source of Central African wealth, as soon as Khartoum was captured and under British rule; but Gordon was killed the day before Wolseley's army appeared before the walls, and the British retired. Khartoum will fall before next winter and several people will get rich in the ivory trade, but Jarkins will not be one of them. He was a civil engineer and recommended the Crow's Nest Pass as the most feasible route for the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way over the Mountains, both to the Government and the Company, as having the easiest grades, and also on account of the mineral wealth of the Kootenay country. And the Crow's Nest Pass Railway is now being built, and a long list could be made of the owners of gold and silver mines in the Kootenay, but the name of Jarkins would not be on it.

I knew Jarkins and believed in him and his ideas. He had been prospecting at the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan for the source of the fine gold which is borne down on every flood to the bars along the erratic river. No one knew whence it came, but a company had been formed on Jarkins' idea of it. He told me that he had almost solved the problem that had bothered mining men for generations, when the treasurer of the company skipped out and the company "bust." Jarkins was disgusted, and wanted to go to the Yukon. The idea paramount when he met me was to go by the all-Canadian route. He would go into the mountains by the Peace River Pass, he said, and then down the Pelly River to the Yukon. He had been over part of the route and knew several Indians that had made the Yukon that way before gold was thought of in the Arctic Circle.

The petty drudgery of a law practice in an isolated north-western town like Edmonton was growing irksome in the face of Klondike stories, and when he went over each step of the journey and enthusiastically spoke of the possibilities of rich finds on the numerous mountain streams en route and the vast opportunities offered if the trail was feasible, and then suggested that I should go with him, I said I would; for I knew Jarkins and thought I was practical enough to counteract his theorizing.

This was away back last June. Since then several hundred people have caught on to Jarkins' idea, or part of it, and are already in the Klondike or camped along the route; a mining and transportation company has been organized to construct a road this winter and put steamboats on the Pelly River next spring. Jarkins is not one of the hundreds camped on the route, neither is he a member of the transportation company. We came back.

A woman caused all the trouble. If it had been an ordinary blue-eyed young lady with nut-brown hair and a boarding-school education, I could have faintly understood it and thought that it was merely a repetition of an old, old story. But it wasn't. That kind of young lady is not found on trails to the Yukon. She was a squaw, a married squaw, and a mother at that, and it naturally complicated matters. She was the wife of Pierre, our Indian guide, and was one of the cavalcade consisting of two Whites, Pierre, herself, the papoose and five pack horses that sallied out of the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Edmonton, bound for the Yukon.

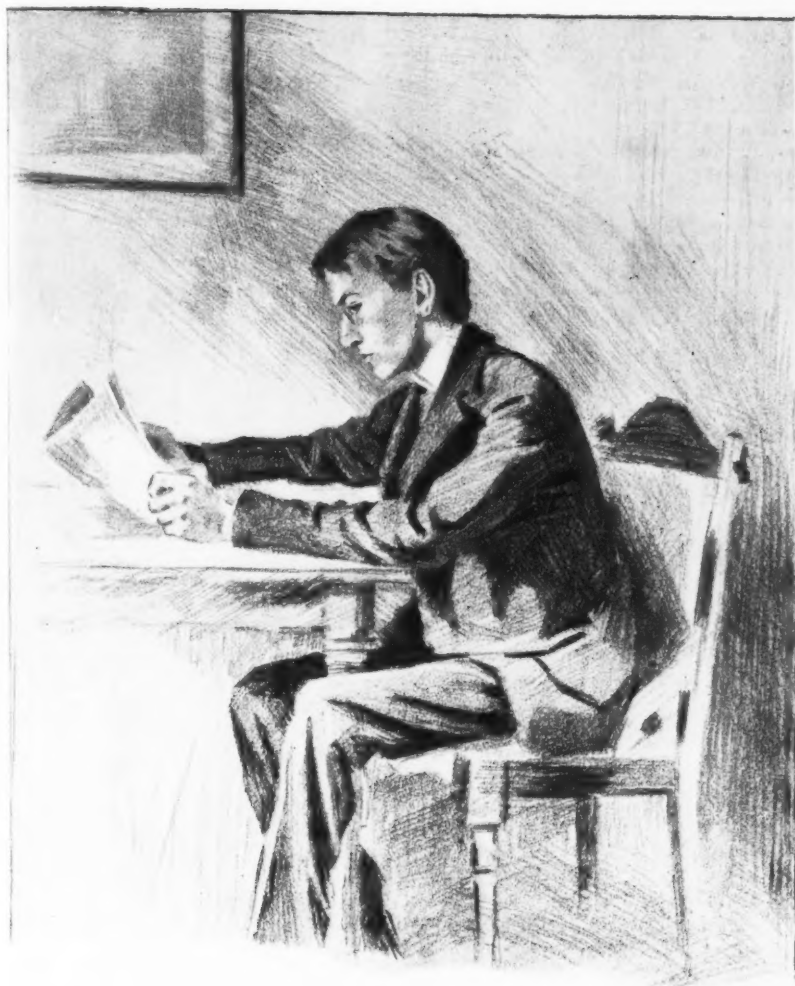
We called her Ollie "for short." Her real name ran into five syllables, and meant the one who smiles and laughs. She was young and, for a squaw, good-looking, otherwise she seemed to be perfectly harmless. Pierre, her husband, was as ugly a specimen of the Cree nation as it had been my fortune to run across. The cayuses would shie when he turned up unexpectedly, and the usual smiling face of Ollie grew grave when he was near. The papoose even had a frightened look in its black, bead-like eyes when his father deigned to look at him. Jarkins and I tolerated him. He knew the trail.

Our journey of nearly four hundred miles to Fort St. John, on the Peace River, was no more eventful than North-west trips usually are. Jarkins cured the papoose of cramps, colic, convulsions, or some other infantile complaint, for he had a smattering knowledge of medicine as he had of

most things, and he also had a medicine chest. And the mother didn't laugh so much at "Moonias" (Cree for greenhorn), but looked kindly upon him afterwards. Pierre and I attended to the horses and packs. Jarkins, who was a chivalrous sort of fellow, said that he didn't know much about horses and did chores around camp. Pierre grunted his Indian contempt of a man who would help a woman. "Poor creature," said Jarkins, "she has to lug that baby all day on her back, and then that beast expects her to chop the firewood, cook the meals, cut the teepee poles, put it up, and do a dozen other things." I told Jarkins that he ought to know the way they had. "That may be," said he, "but I caught him pounding her on the head the other morning because a wolverine stole half a side of bacon during the night. I knocked him down," he remarked quietly.

When we left St. John in the second week of July there wasn't any sign of trouble in our little party as far as I could see. Ollie grew much quieter than at the outset of the trip and we seldom heard the ring of her girlish laughter that brightened the day's journey, so long as Pierre was out of ear-shot. I noticed her several times sitting apart, and, what was a strange thing in an Indian woman, communing with herself; looking back now, I can remember that she spoke in a different tone to Jarkins than to the rest of us, and I can remember also that I saw tears in her eyes and a quivering of her lips as Jarkins tossed her baby in his arms one day and sang to the little heathen old-fashioned nursery rhymes he himself had heard in his cradle. I thought it was merely the emotion of motherly pride and love of her offspring. But I suspected nothing.

We were about ten days out from St. John, had crossed the Peace River and been making up the pass in the bed of the Half-Way River for the Cassiar Plains. The pass probably presents the least difficulties of any in the Rockies from Mexico to the Arctic, but what with fording the river with its mad rush



"The petty drudgery of a law practice was growing irksome in the face of Klondike stories."

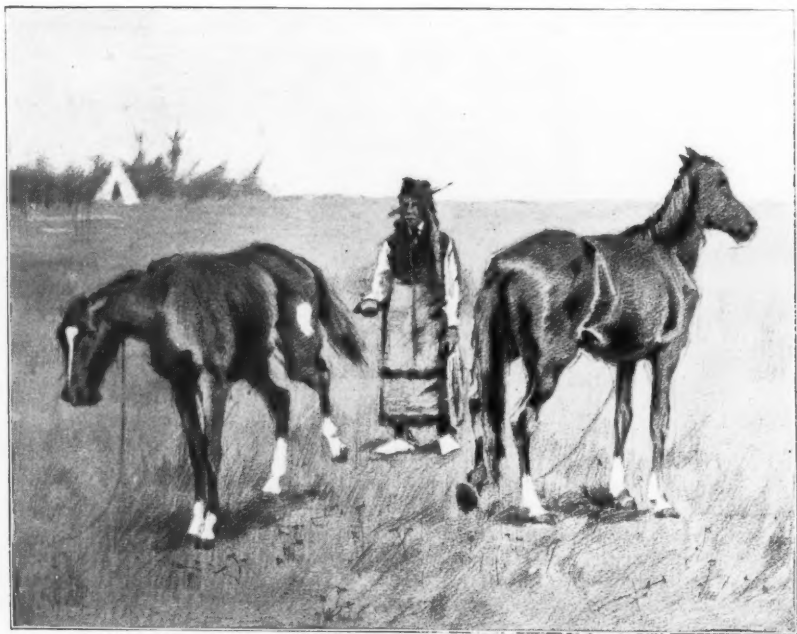
of waters a dozen times a day, and picking our way among the rocks along the river-bed, we had begun to realize that the trip had begun in earnest. We had crossed the Half-Way at a place where the current was so powerful that the Indian ponies could hardly keep their legs. Jarkins had lingered behind as he generally did, and also as he generally did, selected the worst

part of the ford, and his cayuse had been borne down stream a considerable distance. When he had almost reached shore, with his usual ill-luck he struck a bed of quick-sand. 'Midst the roar of the river his call for help could not be heard. Ollie, who seemed to understand Jarkins and his mooning, dreaming ways, always kept a sort of watch or guard over Jarkins. And as

we were jogging along a level stretch of hard sand, I heard her give a half scream. I turned in my saddle and saw her quickly galloping towards Jarkins, whose horse by this time had sunk to the hips. He couldn't dismount, for one of his huge Mexican spurs—which he persisted in wearing, no one knew why, for he never used them—had caught in the bridle bit. The situation would have been ludicrous if it were not so serious, but before Pierre and I came up she had dismounted, placed her child in the moss-bag against a boulder, and after a quick look at the nature of the sand gave a spring and seized the sinking pony by the bridle. In a moment she had unloosened the spur and Jarkins slipped out of the saddle and swam in the shallow water of the sort of miniature bay to a safe landing place a few yards below. As we arrived he had hauled Ollie ashore with his belt, and the horse sank with a gurgling that was

horrible to hear. Ollie's clothing was thoroughly soaked with the ice-cold water of the mountain torrent and she had received a severe blow from the horse's head as she was unfastening Jarkins' spur, but she didn't seem to be aware of anything except Jarkins. She looked at him and there was something in her eyes that I believe could only come to a woman who has saved the life of the man she loves. Its intensity startled me for a moment. I turned away and saw the face of Pierre, his gaze fixed on his wife and the mother of his child, and I knew that he also had seen that look and understood.

When a woman loves one of those big-hearted, kind, simple men, the "muffs" of the ball-room and the tennis-court, he is generally loved as few men have the good fortune to be. Add to this the fierce love of a savage for one who has treated her as a human being. Years of life in the West had taught me that when a White man



"The cayuses would shie when he turned up unexpectedly."



"Jarkins tossed her baby in his arms one day."

woos an Indian woman, or an Indian woman feels tenderly towards a White man, it cannot be called love—it is madness. And I knew there was going to be trouble.

I spoke to Jarkins about it that night. He blushed like a big school boy and said "nonsense." I told him there would be trouble. He asked "How? I only pity the poor thing, even if it is true what you think." Jarkins was as pure-minded as a nun. Next morning

Ollie was ill. She made no complaint, but that she was very ill we could see by the way she reeled in the saddle in the glare of the July sun. At noon she was in a burning fever. We pitched camp on the top of the bank in the fringe of dwarf poplars and spruce. For nearly two weeks the fever raged, until the round face of the Indian girl was pinched and thin. Jarkins thought it was typhoid brought on by the drenching her clothing had got in the

cold water when saving him, and on that account, probably, was attentive even beyond what kind-heartedness prompted. We took night about, Jarkins, Pierre and myself, in watching by her couch. And often I wondered what were Pierre's thoughts when he listened to Ollie's delirious ravings about Jarkins.

But the crisis of the fever was approaching and Jarkins grew doubly anxious. As we were turning into our joint bed in the open—Ollie and Pierre with their child occupied the teepee—he told me he had to give some medicine during the night and asked me to call him if he didn't wake. It was Pierre's watch, "But I'm afraid to trust the lazy brute to give it to her," said Jarkins.

I wakened up at one o'clock, as I could see by lighting a match, for the night was so dark that I could not distinguish the watch in my hand otherwise, and I roused Jarkins quietly. As I did so the curtain across the entrance of the teepee thirty feet away was thrown back and by the light of the fire within we could see Pierre look out in the direction we were quietly lying. There was a devilish look in the man's face, half-frightened, half-murderous. I could hear the voice of Ollie in the unconsciousness of delirium raving on

about Jarkins. Pierre paused and listened to the wailings of the woman's heart; there were a few words expressive of her loathing of him, and his face became distorted with fury, and without swinging back the curtain he moved towards his sick wife. At the same moment Jarkins bounded from my side. He wasn't a moment too soon. The fiendish murderer had grasped the fever-stricken girl by the throat and the film of death was gathering in her eyes. There was a struggle, and as Jarkins released one hand to get his revolver, the Indian wrenched himself free and glided like a snake under the teepee.

Ollie was dying. One look was sufficient to tell us that. With the approach of death came the return of reason. And as the morning sun tipped with silvery light the snow-capped peaks that rose like vast cathedrals around us, Ollie asked for her child, and after one soft caress she said, "Moonias," and with a dying strength placed her child in Jarkins' arms.

We began the return trip next day. Without a guide and with a year old baby on our hands, the Yukon was impossible. And all that remains of Jarkins' idea is a rude cross far up in the Peace River Pass on which is carved one word: "Ollie." But it was Jarkins' luck.

Charles Lewis Shaw.



ALLAN GILLIS, FARMER AND SCHOLAR.

IT was all true enough. Dr. Monroe was implicated—to what extent nobody knew for a certainty. The beginning was made one evening when Allan Gillis, of Deercreek farm, consented to wait over a train in Montreal, and take dinner with his old college chum, the doctor.

They were very unlike each other; the doctor slight, dark, and quick as a flash; Allan Gillis a big blonde giant, slow of movement, and slow of speech. The latter's suit of rough tweed seemed to add to his size. As he sat opposite the doctor, he looked the farmer out and out. His hands were big and brown, his face sunburned to redness. He liked to be called Farmer Gillis by his neighbours—it was the name his father had borne. His only brother's death had brought him back to the old homestead from the University. He was well content. His love for a country life was strong, the fields, the woods, the hills, the meadows, all these appealed to him. But he liked to talk of the old days.

They drew their chairs closer together. They told over stories, and raking ancient jokes out of the ashes of the past found a goodly flavour of fun still about them. It does a man good to talk of his boyhood.

And when Allan Gillis was thoroughly mellowed, the doctor leaned forward and said in deprecatory tones: "Allan, I'd like to ask a favour of you."

"Ask away. If it's in my power to grant, why, it's yours, John; you know that well. Is it money? I've got plenty to spare. Come, out with it," and Allan gave the doctor a punch in the ribs which made him wince.

"No, it's not money." The doctor took out a cheque-book and tapped it expressively. "I'm doing well now; hard-up times is past for me. It's something else. I've a patient I'd like to send out to Deercreek for the summer. To ask a man to take a

stranger into his home to oblige you is what I call——"

"What the deuce are you claverin' about, man?" cried the other. "You know Deercreek. It's big enough and broad enough for you to turn all your patients loose on it if you wish. The best thing for them, too, I daresay. I've no faith in your drugs, John. And so this is your big favour, eh? I'm ashamed of you, 'pon my word I am, old boy! Send your patient along. If he isn't a corpse when he gets there, I'll agree to have him so fat you won't know him in a month's time." Allan laughed loudly, but the doctor seemed still a trifle nervous.

"I'm afraid you won't like—" he began, but his friend would not let him go on.

"No more about it, no more about it. You send your patient along. He will be a godsend to Janet; she is always wanting to nurse and coddle folks. She'd make an invalid of me if I'd let her. If he'll only take kindly to her herb tea sweetened with honey, she'll be ready to be a mother to the lad."

"I didn't say the patient was a lad," somewhat testily.

"Neither you did. But what matter? Old or young, he'd be made welcome at Deercreek for your sake. I'm not sorry he's got age on him. He'll be all the better company for me."

"Allan Gillis," cried the doctor, in a great burst of candour, "My patient isn't a 'he' at all."

The giant stared.

"No, the person I want to send to your farm for the summer is a woman—a young woman, a handsome woman, and as proud as Lucifer. There, it's out, and you can grant my favour, or do the other thing, as you see fit. I'm used to refusals," with a half sigh.

"Not from me, John," said the big fellow in tones which were almost tender.



PEN AND INK SKETCH BY H. W. MURCHISON.

"Naomi stood still and looked at him."

See page 44.

"No, not from you. You're one in a thousand, boy." The old title slipped out as though by accident. Allan had always been "boy" to the elder man in the early days. Perhaps no argument could have moved him as did the half-forgotten word. But a woman—a young woman—dash it all!

"You're not going to have her at Deercreek," broke in the doctor; "I can see it in your face."

"Can you? Then you see what isn't true, for the place is free to any patient of yours. Make a sanitarium of it if you care to."

The doctor beamed. "It won't be much of a trial, Allan. She's only a girl of twenty-three; not old enough to interfere with you in any way."

"Interfere with me!" Allan stretched himself and laughed good-humouredly. "If she were twice as old she couldn't do that."

"No, no, of course not." There was a queer little twist to the doctor's mouth. He looked at the other and smiled. "Do you ever get tired of it—the drudgery and loneliness of farm life?" he queried.

"Never, and I've got my old friends and new friends well housed now. You haven't been over since I built the library. Janet calls it Bluebeard's chamber, because I've made a law that nobody shall go in it but myself. Had to do it in self-defence; Janet and the girl used to take turns at keeping it in good order, and the way they had of hiding things out of sight was too much for me."

"You will be a lover of books as long as you live. You're too fond of them. They take the place of people with you."

"I am getting to be something of a bibliomaniac," said Allan Gillis. "The price of four fat cattle went into a couple of ragged, musty volumes the other day."

"Extravagance, extravagance!" You'll come to want yet, unless you turn from the error of your way. You need some sensible woman to look after you. You might take a wife, Allan."

The other laughed at this; he always laughed at the doctor's jokes, old and new.

"There was a time when the lasses were quite a bit in my thought," he said, "but that was a long time ago. Did you ever notice, John, that when a man's still single at forty-two, he's apt to stay single to the end? Women are nice enough, I've no fault to find with them; but, I've no notion of giving one a chance to worry the life out of me with her whims. I'll stick to the books, John." He got up to go.

"You don't know how relieved I feel that my little patient is going to Deercreek," were the doctor's last words, "and I hope she won't interfere with you, old friend."

It was the second time he had expressed the hope.

Allan Gillis, going with long strides down the street, fell a-thinking. He did not relish the idea of a new comer in the pleasant old home. Janet was a dear old soul—they were happy, and busy, and needed no change. A sense of vexation was on him. It did not leave him when he got aboard his train. "Young and handsome, and proud as Lucifer;" the doctor's description of the summer boarder rang in his ear. He felt cross and out of sorts. But when he got off at the little country station, and walked down the quiet road bordered with maples, his old complacency came back. The midnight stillness was on the world. They say that the farmer, when he is a good man, lives nearer to God than other men do. 'Tis no wonder. The heaven above was radiant with stars, a soft wind stirred the daisies at his feet till the pearls of dew broke in their bosoms, the breath of the lilacs growing in the big, old-fashioned garden met him at the gate, and Allan Gillis looked about him at the soft beauty of the spring night, and above him at the luminous sky, and dimly wondered how any man could be an infidel.

The thought of having a delicate girl on her hands was anything but distasteful to the kindly Janet. She was in a fever of pleasant excitement

for a full week before the arrival of Dr. Monroe's patient.

"Recovering from a fever, poor child, and nearly poisoned with doctor's stuff, I'll be bound. Drugs are bad things," she confided to her trusty Ann, who listened open-mouthed, "but doctors will use them. I'll make her a tonic that will do her a world of good. Go bring me the bag of roots from the garret."

"Oh, don't make her take that stuff," urged Ann. "It's all a well person can stand, let alone a poor invalid. I tell you, Miss Gillis, it's right down cruel and—"

"Bring the bag," commanded Janet sternly, and Ann was fain to bring it.

The last of May brought her. Allan, coming home from the sheep-shearing about sundown met a slim, dark-eyed girl at the foot of the garden, and stopped to speak to her.

"So you are the little girl Dr. Monroe has sent to us."

Her dark eyes scanned him slowly. He looked very big, very red, and very dirty, if the truth must be told.

"Yes," she answered stiffly, and passed on. A few minutes later he saw her leaning on the gate in conversation with the chore boy, who seemed nothing loth to linger for awhile. He could hear the two voices plainly—the girl's soft and languid, the boy's shrill and eager.

"What is your name?" she was saying. "Jim! It's a good enough name. It suits you." A pause, and then, "And the elderly man whom I met in the path is one of the farm labourers, I presume?"

"Did he have on blue overalls, an' a slouch hat, an' was there lots of mire on his boots?" This from Jim. Allan made up his mind to cuff the chore boy.

"I didn't notice his clothes" (she was evidently amused), "but he stands about six foot two, and has red hair."

There was a smothered titter from Jim. "It was Farmer Gillis himself, I guess. He's big, an' red-headed, an' oldish." This was pleasant for the

listener. "He's strong as a horse. When we're picking up stones on the lower place he takes the big ones the rest of us can't budge an' tosses 'em into the cart as easy as anything; and once when we drove cattle to the fat stock show, he rastled with a bang-up rastler an' threw him so hard he broke his leg. Another time—"

"Jim, open the gate and turn the cattle in the yard." It was high time the boy should be sent about his business.

The next day Allan Gillis, busily whetting a scythe to cut the young briars hedging the pasture fence, saw Naomi coming up from the wood. She had her bamboo easel under her arm, her palette and her paint-box in her hand. She stopped still when she came near him.

"I want to paint you, Mr. Gillis," she said airily. "For a long time I've been looking for a model for a picture I am ambitious of doing. Last night, after I had gone to bed, the thought came to me that you would do finely. You have the figure," looking at him with the same indifference she might have bestowed on his prize ox, "and the face is not bad."

"Silence gives consent," she went on; "to-morrow, then, be here at this big elm at eleven o'clock; and don't forget the—the cutting instrument you have in your hand, please."

He looked after her retreating figure, and laughed so immoderately that a nesting grey-bird close beside flew off in a panic of fear.

"So I'm to be useful as well as ornamental. 'Pon my soul this is too much!" he cried.

But at half-past eleven the next day the grey-bird peeping over the edge of her nest saw a girl working away on a canvas; and, a little away from her, a great figure leaned against a tree, a scythe at his feet.

"Do you know," she said at last, "it's dreadful to be ambitious, to long to accomplish great things, and never get past the little things. Oh, you simple country folk, you know nothing of the strife and the worry! I want to

be an artist—not a commonplace one, mind you, but an artist that will live; and it takes so long—so very long.”

“I haven’t a doubt of it,” he assented.

“Think of the men and the women to whom success came too late to be of service,” she went on as much to herself as to him. “There seems so much unfairness. Take the history of Dupre and Rosseau. They exhibited together in the French Salon. Both were men of genius, but only one was acknowledged such at first. The Duke of Orleans cried, ‘This Dupre is a master!’ and set his royal seal to it. Dupre became the fashion. Poor Rosseau! there was no great man to launch him, so he had to endure years of poverty and disappointment. The world is very unjust.”

“He and Millet must have had good times together in picturesque Barbizon. The poor devils were like brothers, you know, sharing the last dime, sticking to one another through thick and thin. They tell of Millet that he used to take turns in caring for Rosseau’s crazy wife,” said Allan Gillis.

Naomi was not a little astonished. “Where did you learn so much about these men?” her face asked, and he, understanding her look, answered drily.

“Oh, I read a little—occasionally. There’s an encyclopedia up to the house which tells me a little about everything. They’re useful things, those encyclopedias.”

This was a nice kind of a country clown; she rather liked his make-up.

“And you’ll not forget the sitting this evening?” she queried, as she picked up her belongings. “Wouldn’t it be fun if this dreadful summer really made me famous? They made me come. I didn’t want to. Who would want to leave civilization and bury one’s self down here?”

She came in late for the midday meal, her hands full of pale pink blossoms, her dark eyes shining.

“I’ve been talking with your brother,” she announced to Janet, “and I think him such a jolly man—for his years.”

“Allan is a good man,” returned the astonished Janet, “but he is not what I term a jolly man. If I sit down to gossip with him awhile he’ll often fall a-thinking, and pay no more heed to me than if I weren’t within a mile of him. But I’m not complaining. He might have a worse fault—every male creature has some unlawfulness about it, I’ve been told.”

Naomi had been something more than a week at Deercreek when she sat down to write a promised letter. It was to her friend and medical adviser, Dr. Monroe, and gave an account of her daily improvement in health.

“But do not ascribe my swift recovery from those awful alternate fits of restlessness and lassitude to your medicine,” she wrote. “I’m a living witness of the merits of Miss Gillis’ herb- tonic, and good cooking.

“I’ll soon be back at my work. And, doctor, you won’t be cross, will you, if I tell you something—I’m painting a picture, just one. I had to do something. Then, such a model as I have! Imagine a long-limbed, square-shouldered fellow, with a strong, ugly face, and a lot of hair that would be yellow if it weren’t red—you know the kind. But he has fine eyes, deep grey eyes, and is wonderfully gentle in his speech and manner for such an uncouth giant. He interests me, partly because he is so strong, and partly because he has such vivid streaks of intellectuality about him. One cannot help thinking what he might have been, had his lot been cast in another sphere. I found him star-gazing the other night. ‘How grand and wonderful that great dome is!’ I said. ‘Wouldn’t you like to have a knowledge of it?’ He looked down on me, a trifle sadly I thought. ‘No man rests satisfied with the knowledge he has,’ he answered. Something emboldened me to offer to teach him astronomy—I’m afraid you’ll think I’m working too hard—and he was too overcome to reply for a minute, then what do you think he said? ‘You’re a good little girl, I’ll be your pupil with pleasure.’ I do want to be of some use—sometimes I wish I were religious enough to be a missionary, but I’m not.”

“Teach him astronomy!” The doctor laughed till the tears ran down his face. “Give him lessons out of the book he wrote himself, I daresay. Teach Allan Gillis astronomy! Bless my soul, this is too much! I’m getting more fun out of it than I bargained for. Haven’t laughed so hard since I was a boy. The astronomy business caps everything!” breaking out afresh.

Between the painting of that picture and the study of the stars, Naomi and Allan got to be very good friends indeed. Why not? The June mornings were delicious. The wild birds twittered in the elms, the scarlet poppies show among the green, the noisy creek called out to every stone it touched in passing. But the June nights were incomparable when the stars looked down in all their glory or merely pretended to veil themselves with the fleecy clouds wandering over, and

Each breeze that came seemed a heavy breath
From the lungs of the earth, o'ergrown
With the sweetest things, and the fairest
things,
That ever were seen or known.

"A young woman, a handsome woman, and proud as Lucifer." The doctor's description suited her well, Allan was fain to confess. They had arguments sometimes, but no quarrels. She made a confidant of him, and told him her ambitions. He stretched himself on the grass and watched her dark eyes kindle, and her face light up. It gave him pleasure. She was such a young thing! "You'll marry a gay gallant some fine day, and good-bye to that 'career' you're always talking of," he said once; but she shook her head solemnly.

"No, marriage is all right, but I'm not the sort of woman that makes a good wife. I have peculiar ideas on the subject. I believe that to one God gives the talent for painting pictures, to another the talent for making poetry, to another the talent for composing music, to another the talent for being a wife and mother. He rarely gives the power to do two great things to one woman. They tell us the poet is born, not made. It is just so with the good wife—if she isn't born with a talent for managing her house, her husband and her family, no amount of study will make her a success at homemaking."

He laughed.

"What about practice making perfect?" he asked.

She smiled at him brightly. "But think of the misery of the poor people

practised upon. No, if we could live long enough, practice might help matters. But you see in this line a woman seldom has but one opportunity—she marries, rears her family, and wakes up some morning to find herself an old woman. Experience isn't of much benefit, you see. It isn't as though she were going right on marrying, and training little folks. Her work is done by the time she's learned how to do it well. Now I am going to be an artist. I'll not be a great one if I go dabbling in literature, politics, music, or—"

"Or matrimony," he suggested, and then they laughed together. A funny, whimsical thing this girl with the firm red lips and night black hair! A certain feeling of irritation he had been cherishing toward Dr. Monroe faded out entirely. Some women would be a great bother about the place, but this one was not. And with all her learning she was such a child!

The pallor of her face was supplanted by a healthy glow as the weeks sped on.

Allan called her Naomi for the first time one morning when he came upon her watching the sunrise from the crest of the hill. She turned to greet him, her lips quivering, her eyes filled with tears.

"What is it? Why are you crying, Naomi?" he asked gently, and came quite close to her.

She pointed to the valley below where the mist was clinging to shrub and tree, to the hills farther on lifting up their heads to greet the soft light flooding all the earth, then to the sky bathed in a glory of red and purple and gold. "Oh, the beauty of it!" she said with a sob, "if I could but paint it! But, ah! no artist could."

"Claude Lorrain gave things to the world almost as perfect as this sunrise, but he was one in a thousand." She was listening intently. "Then there was Corot. His 'Twilight' is grand; you like it better than any other painting until you see his 'Dawn.' He could put the air, the exquisite atmosphere of morning, on his canvas."

"Where did he learn all that?" was

what she thought. What she said was, "Browning says poetry should be read on the hill-top; did you come up here to read a sonnet, Mr. Gillis?"

"No," he returned, "no such noble purpose was mine. I came in search of some stray sheep. Farming leaves little time for poetry or romance, Miss Dacre."

"You called me Naomi awhile ago," she said softly.

"I know I did," he answered. "It was because you were crying here by yourself. I don't like to see you sorrowful."

"And you're not used to having such foolish people about you. A sunrise would never bring tears to the eyes of the pretty red-cheeked girls who come visiting your sister." She spoke crossly. "You like quiet, self-possessed people. Janet told me something about you."

"What did she tell you? 'Tis scarcely fair for you two to talk about a chap when he's not there to deny things or to defend himself."

"She said your ideal woman was tall and fair, with golden-brown hair, a soft voice, and—oh! a stupid woman generally."

He looked down at her. A rose colour flamed up in her face—her eyes fell. She was ashamed of her words. For the first time she felt shy with this big, patient old fellow.

"So you thought a stupid woman would be more to my taste than a bright one?" Something seemed to amuse him.

"I didn't think anything about it." Plainly she was offended. "You needn't walk down with me. You can search for your sheep." She turned about and marched off stiffly.

Then, because she held her pretty head so high that she could not see the loose stone lying in her path, she got a nasty fall. It was most humiliating, and when she tried to spring up, her ankle gave such a twinge that she nearly fainted.

"Poor little girl!" Allan began unlacing her boot. "There, don't be frightened, it's only a twist. Janet's

liniment will make it well in a jiffy." Not a word about it being her own fault, you see. As tenderly, and as easily, as he might have gathered up one of his own stray lambs he gathered her up, held her in one arm while he smoothed out her gown and straightened her hat, then started down the path at a pace approaching a trot.

"What a giant you are!" she whispered; "but won't I tire you out?"

For once Allan Gillis was proud of his size and his strength.

"You're not afraid I'll drop you?" he whispered back.

"Not a bit. You take too firm a hold of anything to let it drop. I'm quite heavy, though, am I not?"

"No there isn't much of you. If mind weighed, I'd have a burden on my hands, Miss Dacre."

"You mean in your arms. And you needn't call me anything but Naomi. I don't care for the name. I might like it better if my aunt didn't think there was something virtuous in calling me something out of the Bible. Naomi is so old-fashioned and homely."

"My mother's name was Naomi Gillis. I love the name Naomi," he said. They were at the house by this time.

Janet was outwardly concerned, but inwardly in her glory. She drove Allan forth with little ado; she brewed stuff, and mixed stuff, and kept the house filled with unsavoury odours. In the stairway you smelled camphor; in the dining-room, hartshorn; in the kitchen, carbolic acid; and all the way from the back door to the barn you smelled asafetida.

Ann's nose grew more tip-tilted than ever with being so constantly turned up, but little her mistress cared.

Naomi tried to be grateful, but was glad enough when she could put her foot to the floor again, and make her way out into the sunshine where Jim was lying in wait, with his cap full of the first ripe peaches of the year.

"Where's Mr. Gillis?" she asked after awhile. "You seem to be doing nothing this afternoon. Isn't it unusual?"

Jim grinned. "I'm having a holiday," he explained. "Miss Gillis was so busy tending to you she couldn't watch me, an' the boss never takes no account of nothing when he shuts himself in his Bluebeard place. What! you haint heard of his Bluebeard place—the room where nobody dare set foot but his own blessed self? I don't know nothing 'bout what's stored there," Jim's voice sank to a whisper, "but he carries the key of it 'round his neck, an' stamps his feet if he finds anybody looking next or near it, so Ann says."

"Ann is a foolish girl, and you musn't repeat such nonsense," said Naomi, with spirit. "What could he have concealed there?"

"Don't know. The picture of the girl he was intendin' gettin' married to, only she up an' died." Jim tried to look sorry, but the day was against pathos. With the sun shining, the wind rustling the wheat heads, and the early peaches getting red-cheeked and mellow, you could not expect a boy to show grief for anything less than a personal calamity. "It's down the back stairway, the new wing with the shutters on."

She thought of Jim's communication the next day as she worked at the picture. So this big man in the rough coat knew what loss and sorrow meant. Had he forgotten? Naomi was a shrewd reader of faces, and looking at his strong, ruddy one, she told herself that he was a man who would remember forever.

"Do you know, I go back to the city week after next. The summer has gone very quickly." She tied her big hat under her chin and turned a saucy little face to Allan. "I wonder if you'll be glad to be rid of me."

"Indeed no, I'll miss you Naomi. We'll all miss you," returned Allan. "Janet has grown very fond of you."

"But I haven't done all I might have done. I meant to make you—to—to put you in the way of being better and happier, but somehow I've idled the time away." Her dark eyes grew big and pathetic. "I dream too much.

If I'm going to have a successful career I must quit the foolish habit."

"Dream away child," he said brusquely, "don't put all your sweetness in that career. When you've gotten as high as you can get you'll look back and think it wasn't worth the effort. Don't put away one little joy for the sake of the career. I'm a rough old fellow, but I've got a soft heart, Naomi, and if ever I hear that you're anything but happy it's going to hurt. You see we've been chums, comrades. We've told each other secrets and—"

She interrupted him. "I've told you things, but you haven't trusted me? You never whispered to me that you loved a woman, and that she died. You thought I was too young to be taken into your confidence in such a matter. Mind you, I don't care, only—only it isn't fair."

"Naomi," said the astonished Allan, "you are talking nonsense. Look at me. No, don't turn your head away. Now, tell me all about it."

What had she said? For the second time an uncontrollable shyness seized her. What a fool she was getting to be! "My head aches," she said lamely, "the sun has been too much for me. I'm going to the house." She was angry with herself, angry with that great stupid fellow, angry with dear old Janet who exclaimed at her white face, and insisted on her lying down in a cool room. Naomi did something that afternoon she had not done in years—she cried herself to sleep.

When she awoke it was late. Janet had a dainty supper for her, and as she sat at the table Jim came to the door enquiring for Allan. He had gone away in the cart, so Janet told the boy, and would not be back before bed-time.

Naomi was sorry. She wanted to explain to him that she did not mean to be rude, and she wanted to give him a lesson in astronomy. She went into the garden and picked a great bunch of pinks, she wandered down the lane and gathered some sweet-briar to add to it. Coming back she passed the

new wing. It was a spooky-looking place with its narrow shuttered windows. Bluebeard's chamber! She wished she could see inside it. Was Jim's surmise correct, and did he keep the dead woman's—the dear dead woman's picture there? She would like to look at the picture of the woman whom this great good-natured farmer had loved and lost. Here was the stairway—but, of course, she wouldn't put a foot on it. She did though. A little ashamed, a little scared, but fully determined, she came at length to the door of Bluebeard's chamber. No, it was not locked. She looked behind her in a guilty fashion, then turned the knob and entered.

For a moment she could not distinguish things plainly; but bye-and-bye, with a gasp of astonishment, she realized that the walls were lined with books, that there were exquisite paintings, and cabinets of curios. This, then, was his secret. And she had tried to teach him astronomy! She felt tricked and fooled.

"I wish," she whispered softly to herself in the gloom, "I wish I had never come to Deercreek. I'll—I'll never trust a man again—never." And yet a certain exaltation welled up within her at the thought that he was a scholar. Ah, well, he had doubtless taken a great deal of amusement out of it all.

She came over toward the window, but stopped with a little cry of dismay. Somebody, a very big somebody indeed, was sitting in the high-backed leather chair, sound asleep. Naomi stood still and looked at him. What a strong fellow he was. His long ruddy hair fell across his forehead. She gently pushed it back. She was a girl with a career awaiting her, but she wanted to stand close to him for awhile, and, yes, she would just touch that great hand of his resting on the arm of the chair.

"Naomi!" the little hand was prisoner, and two deep grey eyes were compelling her to return their gaze.

"Naomi, do you want to devote your life to art? Because if you do,

you had best go away from me—immediately."

"And what if I don't?" seating herself on the arm of his chair.

"Then I shall make a try for happiness. There is the door, go and be famous—or stop and be loved."

He spoke quietly, but she noticed that his face had turned as pale as a healthy sunburned face could turn. There was a tumult of gladness in Naomi's breast, she bent over and touched his cheek caressingly with her slim fingers.

"I—I think I'll stay," she whispered.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, and this time there was passion in his tones. I don't know how to woo a maiden, but—ah! Naomi!"

She was in his arms, held close to his heart, and he was kissing her in a way that proved his youth was not so far behind after all.

Presently Naomi, a radiant Naomi, lifted her head from its comfortable resting-place long enough to say, "And have you really got her picture here, Allan?"

"Don't ask me what I've got. I feel so rich it seems to me I've got everything good the world holds."

"But have you the picture of your first sweetheart here? Jim said she died and—well, I don't like the idea of your having first loves, and dead women's pictures. No girl would like it."

"No, of course she wouldn't. When she gives a man that big gift, her heart, and gets his in return, she doesn't like to think that this exchange business is not new to him. Jim is a born liar," he laughed. "Look around, there's no such picture here. But I'll tell you what is here, darling, the original of my first, last, and only love."

A middle-aged man generally grows eloquent when he finds out that he has won what many a younger man has striven for in vain.

"But you're sure you'll never regret it, never be sorry that you came to Deercreek farm and made of its master the proudest and happiest man on all

God's earth?" He held her off from him, and studied the warm dark eyes till her face flamed red at the thought of all he was reading there.

"You sweet young thing!" he cried, and drew her close and kissed her. She had whims, he didn't care. She would make him change his way of living some—what of it? She was a little thing, but she would be monarch

of all she surveyed—of course she would—God bless her!

"Allan," breaking in with some anxiety on his blissful reflections, "if you've never made love before, how is it you know so well how to do it now? One would think you'd be awkward at first."

"Let me tell you something, little girl: I've been making love to you for a whole month—in my mind."

Jean Blewett.



THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

TEN thousand harps of gold
 Rang o'er the glassy sea ;
 Ten thousand voices roll'd
 In blissful harmony ;
 Ten thousand summer birds
 Thrill'd the celestial air ;
 Ten thousand song-wing'd words
 Storm'd Heaven's starry sphere ;
 But, bending from above,
 Forgetting harp and song,
 The Father, in His love,
 Lean'd low and listen'd long ;
 While from His glorious Face
 Soft benedictions smil'd
 Down o'er a dismal place
 Where pray'd a little child.

Ernest E. Leigh.

McCARTHY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.

A Review.

ONE can easily understand why Justin McCarthy should feel that he would be justified in writing "The Story of Gladstone's Life."* He has sat in several parliaments with Gladstone, and has been a close observer of political action during the most important period of Gladstone's life. Moreover, he has made a special study of British political history of the nineteenth century, and has written much upon its leading events and chief personages and actors.

Mr. Gladstone has been for many years the greatest figure in British politics, though not the most successful British politician. His life has been a remarkable one, and the story of it possesses considerable charm.

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool on December 29th, 1809. His father, John Gladstone, was born in Scotland, but had come to Liverpool as a young man, had acquired riches, a seat in parliament and a baronetcy. His mother was a Highland Scotchwoman, of whom Mr. McCarthy says nothing. His brother, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, "was a man of singular energy and force of character, of genuine ability both in politics and finance, a powerful and impressive speaker, a sort of rough-hewn model for his younger and much greater brother." It is thought, by Liverpool people, that he assisted his brother William in the preparation of some of his budget speeches.

One incident of Gladstone's father is worth reproducing:

"One of his friends has told us that nothing was ever taken for granted between Sir John Gladstone and his sons. He started and kept alive a constant succession of arguments on small topics and on large. His family circle appears to have been what the King of Na-

varre in Shakespeare's play says his court shall be—"a little academe." Every lad was put on his mettle to defend his own case or to damage the case of another. It was all done in the most perfect good-humour and with the full and unflagging enjoyment of those who took part in it. It must have been capital preparation for the Oxford Union and for the debates in the House of Commons."

This is all the more worthy of being chronicled now that the fashion among fathers, in Canada at least, is to relegate children to the nursery until they are old enough to go to school and then let them grow up as their fancy dictates. The rush for money and fame seems to have destroyed home-life in this country to a great extent, and home conversation and home reading of a serious kind are almost unknown. A sympathetic and thoughtful father is as great a blessing to a boy as a loving and watchful mother is to a girl.

At the age of eleven, William Ewart Gladstone went to Eton, where he was noted for his serious attitude toward his work, and where he had for his closest friend that Arthur Hallam whom Tennyson has made us love. He was fond of sculling and a "tremendous walker. He walked very fast, and he walked great distances. His delight was to wander about through all the lovely places surrounding Windsor, in company with a few boys of his own age and of his own tastes." Here he distinguished himself as a debater and as editor of the college paper.

In October, 1828, he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, a college which has given during the century seven Prime Ministers, not including Gladstone himself, to English government. Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were both educated at Christ College. It was the most aristocratic of the Oxford colleges in its members and in its tastes, and it perhaps taught Mr. Gladstone his early disregard for and prejudice against popular Liberalism.

*The Story of Gladstone's Life, by Justin McCarthy, author of "A History of Our Own Times," etc. London: A. & C. Black; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 44 illustrations; 390 pp; \$2.50.

"He was studying hard for classical honours and for divinity. He studied Hebrew as well. He worked for four hours in the early day and then went out for exercise, chiefly walking and boating, and also a certain amount of what we now call athleticism—more, at least, than he had done in his Eton days. Then he attended classes and lectures and resumed his solitary readings for many later hours. . . . Gladstone also studied hard in mathematics, but these studies seem to have left less impression on his style of thought than any other of his readings and his trainings. . . . He always read for two or three hours before bedtime. Nothing whatever was allowed to interfere with the course of his reading and his studies."

In 1831 Gladstone took his double first-class, and in 1832 he left Oxford.

If one might express a wish about such a book as this, it is that Gladstone's earlier life might have been described at greater length. Some of his compositions in the various college journals to which he contributed would have been entertaining, and would have enabled the reader of this story to have judged of the early trend of his mind. Gladstone's opinions changed greatly, we know, and to study the influences which surrounded his early life and formed his first opinions would have been decidedly instructive. The character of his mother and the part she played in moulding his character are untouched.

We do see, however, that he was a great student of the bible and of patristic literature—an ardent religionist—which he has always remained. He desired to be a clergyman, but gave it up at his father's request. But even yet we find him dealing with church history and disputed points in theology. And we all know how he made Mrs. Ward's literary work a success by criticising the religious principles set forth by that talented lady writer in "Robert Elsmere."

We also see that in early life Gladstone was Tory in principle. As the author says:

Those who have watched with ever-increasing interest the later years of his public life must know, of course, through what changes of opinion he struggled on to be a great political reformer. But there may be many to whom it would be a surprise to hear that the invitation which Mr. Gladstone first received

[to enter politics] was given because it was understood that he was one of the rising influences that made against reform; that he was determined to keep back if he could the onward movement of the popular cause, and that he was, as Macaulay afterwards described him, the hope of the stern and unbending Tories of that day. . . . The invitation came from the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke represented the old-fashioned principle which set up the landlord's absolute right over the votes of a constituency in which he possessed most of the land. . . . The Duke was naturally greatly alarmed by the movements of the epoch. The Reform Bill of 1832 introduced for the first time the great middle-classes and the great middle-class cities and towns of England to the right of representation in Parliament and the right of the suffrage. It abolished many of the old "rotten boroughs," as they were called, and the "pocket boroughs," and, therefore, struck sharply at the privileges of the territorial magnates."

Thus, Mr. Gladstone was summoned home from Italy at the invitation of the Duke of Newcastle, and was elected in 1832, the first general election after the Reform Act, to represent the Tory interests of the borough of Newark. On January 20th, 1833, though only twenty-two years of age, he took his first seat in Parliament. At that time the Duke of Wellington was the most conspicuous figure in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel and Daniel O'Connell were the most remarkable men in the House of Commons. Peel and Gladstone soon became friends, the older man admiring and expecting much of the younger, and the younger taking the older as a model in debate and statesmanship. O'Connell also attracted Gladstone, and the latter has often acknowledged O'Connell's kindness to him when a young parliamentarian.

The circumstances of his entering Parliament, and of his early entrance into favour with the leading men in the House, point conclusively to the fact that in his entrance into public life he was greatly assisted by family reputation and wealth, and by the acquaintances and name he had made for himself at college. He was not, therefore, "a self-made man," as we understand that expression on this continent. He had family and other special influence behind him. This was no fault of

Gladstone himself, but it is a condition which must be considered in estimating the greatness of any public man.

There is not space in such an article as this to view Mr. Gladstone's career as a statesman or what he accomplished as a scholar and a writer. Mr. McCarthy has covered the ground admirably in a book which is much less tedious than the average biography; yet there is one more quotation which cannot well be omitted. After referring to the shooting accident by which Mr. Gladstone lost the first finger of his left hand, Mr. McCarthy adds:

"His passion for the hewing down of trees came at a later date, and it probably did more than any other exercise could have done to strengthen his frame and enable him to withstand the wearying effects of a life so much of which was strictly sedentary. For it has to be impressed upon the mind of the reader that, during all his life, Mr. Gladstone was a man of prodigious study. He was always studying

some author, or some series of authors. He wrote criticisms on Homer, criticisms by the enraptured admirer rather than by the dry-as-dust scholiast. He grappled with whole libraries of patristic authors. He seemed to want to read everything and understand everything, and all the time his parliamentary work was going on in full swing. Now, the regular work of the House of Commons is occupation enough for most men. If they are inclined to stick to it, they find that they have plenty to do, and the more they do the more they have yet to do. But Mr. Gladstone stuck to all the details of his life in the House of Commons, while at the same time he was an indefatigable student of literature, of history, and theology. No subject that could be of interest to humanity failed to have an absorbing interest for him. All the time, too, he was getting the very most he could in the way of out-door exercise. No doubt this was the secret of his splendid and prolonged physical health—that he never allowed himself to become the mere member of Parliament, or the mere student, but that he always remembered that he had fibres and limbs to keep in healthy, vigorous action, and that whenever there was a chance of out-door exercise he was a man to get it and to enjoy it."

John A. Cooper.

A MODERN PERSEUS.

THEY were three young ladies who, in accordance with the prevailing fashion of giving girls poetical names, were Salamandra from the South-west, Evangeline from Boston, and Eda Vanvert, whom no one could fail to discern, was of the New York swim. The locality was the summer coast of the United States. Tempted by the surpassing beauty of the day they put on their plainest sailor suits and strolled to a little bay, the beach of which lay a crescent of golden yellow sand, that stretched for a mile or two between two headlands, and being some distance from the hotel on the Cliff was not visible from it. As they made their promenade the skies overhead were clear, the ocean, seemingly too lazy to heave, was delicately blue, and the thin streak of foam that defined the margin was not much more pronounced than the cream of champagne. Not a living being was visible, nor was there any object to attract attention,

excepting a boat with nobody in it drawn up on the beach in the distance, and secured to a grapnel. The seagulls poised gracefully, and sometimes one, diverging from its course, would shoot down into the water and emerge with a fish in its bill. No sail was on the blue. The whole scene was one of idyllic solitude.

A thought struck Salamandra. "Here are we miles from the haunts of men. How delightful it would be to pull off our boots and paddle in the water as we did when children under the tyranny of a nurse, and when we dug pits in the sand with wooden spades!" The suggestion met with unanimous acceptance. Sitting on a solitary boulder that had no doubt lain there since the glacial period, they doffed their *chaussure* and ranged their tiny *bottines* with their silken socks stuffed into them on the gaunt grey stone. Then tripping to the water's edge they tucked up their skirts and went in.

The tide being at full flood had come far up on the sands, making it shallow for forty or fifty yards out with a depth more than ankle deep, and not above the knee. The water was milkwarm and pleasant to plash about in. For a time they paddled merrily, throwing up splashes with their white feet, and comporting themselves like oceanides at play, until suddenly Eda, who was farthest out, uttered three piercing shrieks! At the sound her companions fled to the shore and, safely from the beach looking seaward, saw their friend swaying from side to side in a manner that emphasized the fine curves of her figure, but that she seemed to be pulling from one side as if held in a trap.

"Oh! what is it? what is it?" cried they.

The reply came in agonized accents, "Something has got me!"

At this terrible announcement the other girls joined in the shrieks, all three sending a volume of shrill distress across the brine. Almost immediately the sound of heavy feet running on the sand became audible, and a man in a yellow tarpaulin shovel-hat and yellow oilskin from throat to knee, with great fishermen's boots projecting beneath, presented himself with the curt enquiry "What's up?"

Receiving no reply he splashed his way out to Miss Vanvert, and taking her by the arm, ranged himself close by her side and began stamping the water with his huge boots.

"I see how it is," he said to the frightened girl, "you can't get your foot up, hey?" Here he knelt down on one knee in the water and continued, "What you have to do is to clasp both your arms around my neck or across my shoulder, if you like it better."

Noticing that she hesitated at this free-and-easy order, he added rather testily, "Well, if you want to pose as another Andromeda devoured by a sea monster, you can please yourself."

Hesitating no longer, she clasped both her hands across his shoulder, whereon he went on more genially, but still unsympathetically: "I am going

to plunge my arm down and grasp the aggressor, whoever he is, by the tail. Put out all your strength and when I say 'Lift!' raise your foot and place it on my knee."

"Lift."

Assisted by the man's hand she raised her foot and placed it on his knee, but nearly fainted with horror to see that a horrible live thing, seemingly all claws and nippers, and of a dirty olive green colour, had seized her delicate flesh, and was hanging on with its diabolical-looking pincers!

"Oh! what is it?" she gasped.

"It is what is called a crustacean, and not a large one either," he replied.

"Is it venomous?" she asked. The man laughed.

"I should say not, seeing how you like to eat him in a salad."

While he spoke he drew from beneath his oilskin a long, cruel-looking sheath knife, and the distracted girl did not know whether he intended to fight the monster or to cut off her foot. With one sweep of the knife he sheared off the other large claw that was blindly groping about to fasten on her, then, holding the blade as a surgeon does a lancet, he with the point severed the cartilage which formed the hinge of the nipper-thumb, and that pincer being disabled, was easily plucked off, and the rest of the creature fell into the sea.

"Now," said the modern Perseus, rising, "I notice a boulder on the sand with a row of boots atop, which is, of course, your dressing place. Catch hold of my arm. Don't be afraid to hold on tight. I am steady enough on my pins."

"Are you a boatman?" asked Eda.

"Yes, I am a boatman," was the reply. "I had hauled up my skiff, and was lying flat in her reading the paper when your storm of shrieks aroused me. I had often heard of the American yell (the college yell, the Southern yell, and so forth), but had no idea it was such a perfect thing till I heard yours. Ear-splitting! A thousand volts or thereabouts."

Miss Vanvert felt embarrassed. She

had no acquaintance with boatmen and thought perhaps this was the way they talked.

Having escorted her to the boulder and politely seated her he addressed her in masterful tones, "Remember, you are my patient, and I strictly forbid you to put on boot or stocking on that leg."

His language shocked Evangeline, the girl from Boston, who murmured audibly, "Coarse sea-brute!" a remark which he overheard and understood.

"Quite so," said he, "and so I will make the best use of my own legs and bring the young lady a lotion that will do her good." So saying, he set off on a run in the direction of his boat.

Said Eda reproachfully, "You need not speak so unfeelingly, Evangeline, for I am convinced he saved me from a horrible death."

The man reached his boat, and laying one hand on the gunwale vaulted in, but soon reappeared and came with swift steps to the ladies. Producing a wicker-covered pocket-flask he poured into its silver cup a modicum of fluid of a pale amber hue, and having presented it to his patient said imperiously, "You are faint. I insist on your drinking this, even at the risk of choking."

The girl obeyed and only managed to sputter between her chokes, "It—is—brandy!"

"Not a bad guess for *you*," said he. "I will leave it with you. You two young women keep dabbing the hurt until all sting and numbness is gone." Then turning his eyes on his patient he added, "There is not much harm done. Within two or three days all marks of the bruise will have faded. Lucky the creature did not nip that faint blue vein I noticed which harmonizes so delightfully with the parian. Now I'm off and will send a coach." So saying the eccentric boatman, with a careless nod, walked away with long strides towards the path which led to the hotel.

As soon as he was out of sight the damsels examined the dainty flask to find a name on it, but found only a small shield representing a deer's head and antlers engraved on the cup. It

was a singular article for a boatman to possess, but Salamandra settled the matter by saying he had no doubt stolen it from some passenger he had had in his boat.

For a few days Miss Vanvert indulged in the little affectation of having been the heroine of an adventure. There were many speculations as to what kind of monster had attacked her, till at length the consensus of opinion decided on a ground shark. Just then the hotel gave a grand reception, at which the lady, still playing the part of wallflower on account of her reputed injury, observed Senator Smalltoes, the great gun of the period, approaching in close conversation with another gentleman. The other gentleman was the boatman, in evening dress. Opposite the young lady the Senator stopped, and after congratulating her on her escape asked permission to introduce Sir Ivan Leroux, an English tourist of distinction. The lady blushed to the brow, while an almost imperceptible smile on the face of the gentleman alone betrayed that they had met before. He sat down beside her and enjoyed a long and interesting conversation, Eda taking sharp notice that his language and manner were totally void of the brusqueness he had shown on the sands. So well did they get on together that taking his arm the young lady led him to her chaperone, who invited him to call at Mr. Vanvert's place on the Hudson. He did call, and again and again. Readers have less prescience than the writer gives them credit for if they do not foresee that when springtime came the boatman of the sands took Eda Vanvert as his wife to England, where she reigned with much acceptance as the Lady of Leroux Court. Sometimes when, in accordance with the custom of the country, a lobster *au naturel* boiled scarlet was placed on the board at supper, Sir Ivan, with a sly glance at his wife, and tapping the shell of the crustacean with a fork, would remark, "A narrow escape, Eddy, from a horrible sea monster."

Hunter Duvar.

DREYFUS, ZOLA, AND FRANCE.

FROM the time of the French Revolution to the days of the Panama Canal scandals, the Jew had an opportunity in France equal to that of any other citizen, the same political and civil rights as other French people. But in these scandals some Jews were entangled, and ever since there has been a lurking anti-semitism in France. It was not rabid nor dangerous, but it was liable to be aroused by any event which called the fiery patriotism of the French people into action, if at the same time a Jew should be involved. It was manifested when, about October, 1894, a captain of engineers, Alfred Dreyfus, was arrested on a charge of having furnished a foreign government with plans and documents relating to the national defence of France. He was tried by a court-martial consisting of seven French officers, one of whom like himself was a Jew. He was found guilty, and in March, 1895, he was transported to the Isle du Diabî, on the coast of French Guiana.

But the supposed traitor had powerful relations and friends. He had, of course, the whole Jewish influence behind him, but the sequel has shown that his sympathizers are not limited to the members of his own race. Two attempts were made to break into his prison and take him away. He and his guards live alone on this small rock-island, which is to be his life-prison, and it would not seem difficult to kidnap him. He lived in a little cabin, and was allowed to take walks out into the open air and to have views of the open sea. After these kidnapping attempts, however, he has been more closely guarded. A high enclosure has been built about the cabin, the view of the ocean has been shut out, chains are placed upon the prisoner on his retirement each night, and the number of guards has been doubled. It seems important that Dreyfus should not escape.

During this time, Dreyfus' friends in Paris have been endeavouring to secure a new trial. The first was secret, and the French Government never told the French people what proof of guilt there existed. It is said that the document would compromise a foreign government, and would perhaps be the cause or pretext of war if given to the public. This is the official announcement. Some of the people say it is a letter written by the Kaiser and stolen from a foreign embassy; others declare it to be a Russian document discovered before the recent Franco-Russian Alliance. At any rate, the document has not yet been made public, nor has Dreyfus obtained a new trial.

But all France is torn into two factions. The patriots, or chauvins, are indignant that the honour of the army should be called in question by doubting the correctness of the judgment rendered by seven of its officers on one of their comrades. The socialists and anarchists take the side of the Jews, influenced no doubt by their hatred of authority and of the army. Opinions have become so divergent as to cause the breaking up of friendships, the importing of dissensions into family circles, the bringing about of numerous duels between deputies, journalists, and others. Paris is a branch of Bedlam.

But to return a little; a few months ago Mathew Dreyfus, a brother of the exile, openly accused Major Esterhazy, a prominent French officer, of being the guilty party. Public opinion so backed up this charge that the Government was forced to go through the farce of trying and acquitting the Major.

Then another champion, not a relation of the unfortunate man, nor even a member of the same race, appeared in the person of Emile Zola, the novelist. Why he should adopt the role of pleader for the condemned man does not seem clear. The *Handelsblad* of Amsterdam expresses this view, which may also have been Zola's:

"The case is not, as the *Figaro* asserts, one which concerns France alone. It is one which concerns the whole civilized world, for it must touch every man's sense of justice when he asks himself, is it possible that at this end of the nineteenth century and in a free country a man may be sentenced and tortured to death upon grounds which would have been considered insufficient for a *lettre de cachet* during the last century, and would not even be thought grave enough in a despotic state to send the prisoner to Siberia? The evidence, so far as it has been made public, is so slight that it could not procure the conviction of anyone."

On the other hand, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives this view :

"For those who know Zola's pride, these words may be the explanation—a partial explanation—of the affair. He fears nothing so much as silence, and the defence of Callas by Voltaire, and the pleading of Victor Hugo for John Brown, inspired him with the idea of defending Dreyfus. He has wished to be before everyone, to have something to do with everything, and not being able to realize all the ambitions which his prodigious will power for working seemed to warrant, having refused to become a deputy he aused he was not an orator, having abandoned the idea of being received by the Pope, who refused him the entrance of the Vatican, and also of entering the French academy, which seemed not disposed to open its doors, he considered that a pedestal had been placed before him in such a possible enterprise, an enterprise which interested him and invited his sincere convictions, an enterprise which attracted him as a novelist, accustomed as he is to follow the thread of darksome intrigue. He believed, I say, in this role. If he could expose himself to mortification and attacks, he would also receive a unique rank and universal fame.

"From the point of view of the notoriety of the affair, added to his name, he made no mistake, but perhaps he has discounted a sudden changing of public opinion in France, which has not yet been brought about."

Whatever his motive, his open letter to the President of France, as published in Clemenceau's *Aurore*, was a very strong document, and at the time of writing, Zola is being tried before a French court, while all the world listens intensely. A few extracts from this famous article may be quoted :

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT : Will you permit me, in gratitude for the kind welcome which you once gave me, to have a care for your just glory, and to say to you that your star, so lucky until now, is threatened with the most shameful, the most ineffaceable of stains?

You have come forth safe and sound from low calumnies, you have won all hearts. You appear radiant in the apotheosis of that patriotic joy which the Russian alliance has given to France, and you are preparing to preside over the solemn triumph of our universal exposition, which is to crown our grand century of work and truth and liberty. But what a mud-stain on your name—I had almost said on your reign—is this abominable Dreyfus affair! A council of war, under orders, has just dared to acquit an Esterhazy—a final blow to all truth and justice. And it is finished. France has this stain upon her cheek, history is to write down that under your presidency such a social crime could be committed. Since they have dared, I too will dare, even I. The truth—I will say it, for I have promised to say it in case that justice, in its regular course, should not disclose it whole and entire. My duty is to speak. I will not be an accomplice. My nights would be haunted by the spectre of the innocent man who far away is expiating, in the most frightful of tortures, a crime which he has not committed.

We are told that a most horrible act of treason has been committed. I do not believe it. The whole thing is the outcome of the hysterical hallucinations of Lieut.-Col. Paty du Clam. I ask all honest men to look at the evidence produced against Dreyfus. He knows several languages; that tells against him. Not a single compromising document has been found in his possession; that stamps him as a criminal. He sometimes visits Alsace, the land of his birth; another crime. He is energetic, he wants to learn everything; crime! He is calm in the presence of his accusers; another crime. He becomes restless at last; more proof of his guilt. We are told the judges first acquitted him. Then the "secret document," that overwhelming proof of his guilt which no one is allowed to see, which renders the whole proceeding lawful, before which all must bow their heads, this divine invisible, mysterious document is brought forward and he is declared guilty.

I deny that there is such a document. I deny it most emphatically.

We are told we must respect the army. Why, certainly. So we will. But we will not kiss the hilt of the sword with which we are, perhaps, to be enslaved. We will not allow the jesuitical intrigues in the War Office to smother justice for "reasons of state."

What I call a crime is for the army to trust to the defense of an immoral press, handled by the dregs of Paris; to accuse of disturbing the country those who wish to see their country at the head of noble-minded nations; to lead public opinion astray. It is a crime to use our patriotism to enslave us.

I accuse Lieut.-Col. Paty du Clam of being the hellish cause of vile actions, though he may have done wrong without knowing it.

I accuse General Mercier of weakness in becoming a party to the greatest act of injustice of the century.

I accuse General Billot, the Minister of War, *of being in possession of proofs that Dreyfus was innocent; but he kept these proofs secret* and committed the crime of perversion of justice in order to save the deeply compromised general staff.

I accuse General Boisdeffre and General Grouse of being parties to this crime, the one from clericalism, the other from a mistaken sense of *esprit de corps*, which makes him think the Ministry of War is a veritable sanctum.

General Pellieux and Major Rovary I accuse of *monstrous partiality*.

I accuse the War Office of having started a shameful campaign in the daily papers in order to *lead astray public opinion*.

The court-martial I accuse of violation of justice and law by having convicted the accused *upon evidence contained in a secret document*.

I do not know personally the men whom I accuse. I have never seen them, am not vengeful against them, do not hate them. To me they are only representatives of a social evil. I only wish for light—in the name of humanity which has suffered so much and has so much right to be happy. My fiery protest is only the outcry of my heart.

Bring me before the Court of Assizes and let my examination be in the glare of day!

I am waiting for it.

The outcome of the trial is awaited with great interest. If Zola be convicted, new champions will appear and the struggle will go on. If Zola be acquitted, the honour of the army is dragged in the dust and the good name of France is injured in the eyes of the world. In either case, the result will be disastrous.

Pierre Marot.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IF the relations between Canada and the United States are to be permanently satisfactory, the presence of some one in Washington attached to the British Embassy and thoroughly conversant with Canadian questions seems indispensable. The difficulties that accumulate from time to time, until a Minister departs from Ottawa to discuss them with the British Ambassador and the Secretary of State, point to a day when a regularly accredited agent of Canada, acting under and with the Imperial representative at Washington, must be selected. Sir Richard Cartwright, in endeavouring to establish a *modus vivendi* on matters connected with the bonding arrangements on the northern frontier, was met by the fact that during the past ten years negotiations relative to the Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, and other highly irritating issues, have never been brought to a successful conclusion. The rights and wishes of Canada seem to be brought forward only when international relations reach an acute stage. It is no reflection upon the British Ministers to say that as they possessed no defi-

nite knowledge of Canada, they have, during a hundred years, been frequently overreached.

It is contended in England by wise persons, whose diplomacy is chiefly remarkable for sentimental after-dinner speeches, that the duty of Canada is to keep the peace between the British Empire and the republic. This is sometimes said in Canada also, but those who say it here are well aware that the maintenance of good relations becomes extremely doubtful when the Washington politicians are allowed to entertain and propagate extravagant notions of the Republic's rights, and when the claims of Canada to her own territories and resources are inadequately and fitfully put forward. The *National Review*, an English periodical devoted to the silver currency mania, refers to a small but "rather noisy school of British journalists—who think to display their Imperialism by perpetually stirring up the Canadian-American people with a long pole." This cheap sarcasm is supplemented by a paper, in the same periodical, entitled, "The Month in America," the paragraphs in

which ignore Canadian and Mexican affairs, and deal exclusively with the politics of the United States. The assumption that the United States republic is America involves something more than a mere phrase, because it embodies the very idea which led Shelburne and Oswald to frame the Treaty of 1783 conceding valuable territories and fishing rights, to the bungling articles of the Treaties in 1814 and 1818, to the extraordinary performances of Lord Ashburton, and the no less pliable dispositions of English negotiations in 1871. Partly in consequence of the voluble inanity of well-meaning but uninformed persons, strenuous efforts have to be made to maintain the rights of the British Crown on this continent. Any Government which is called upon, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's is now, to defend Canadian rights may be embarrassed by the senseless optimism of English writers, who think they do Canada a service by sneering at jingoism. It was complacent dogmatism of this kind which forced from the late Sir John Macdonald in 1871 the despairing declaration, made to Lord Ripon, a peace-at-any-price man, that Canada "must be either English or American, and if protection was denied us by England, we might as well go while we had some property left us, with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." To such a length did the passion of English diplomacy for peace on any terms drive a statesman of unwavering Imperialist sympathies and strength of character.

The state of public opinion in the United States is not encouraging. Trade has not greatly improved, and the apparent inability of Congress and the Executive to solve the currency question is disgusting. The unrest which always accompanies disturbed commercial conditions is marked by the evidences of that belligerent spirit that prompts military and novel expenditures and a forward policy. The Cuban question is not rendered easier of treatment by the episode of the

Spanish Minister's private letter and his resignation in consequence. It seems as if the stability and secrecy necessary to a strong foreign policy were impossible under the constitutional arrangements of the United States, thus cutting off from the republic the opportunity of playing a beneficial and powerful part in international affairs. Under ordinary circumstances, the republic is in no danger of a foreign war, is happily equipped with extraordinary resources, an enormous population, and great productive capacity. Such a nation might prove a valuable factor in preserving the world's peace, in protecting the weak, and checking the ambitions of the strong. No civilized Government should dream of taking offence at even a small community's determination to claim and defend every national possession and treaty right. But where political popularity is won by appeals to the demagogues, Washington diplomacy is tempted and at times forced to be aggressive, and Canada's rights in her own Yukon territory are overlooked or deliberately denied.

An object lesson upon the spoils system at Washington is presented by the publication of a table of logarithms in the report of one of the Government scientific bureaus. The report cost thousands of dollars and is practically valueless. The inference drawn by critics is that political appointments to scientific bureaus result in the preparation of costly and useless reports. The evil is not confined to the States, but flourishes, *mutatis mutandis*, in Canada and in England, where the frills of Government often cost many thousands which might be saved. In all three countries the Democracy rules. A great circus manager based his success on the belief that the people liked to be fooled, and the politicians are not to be if they give the people a medicine suited to their palates.

In the Congressional elections next Autumn silver will probably be the main issue, and, unless something un-

foreseen occurs, the old bone of contention will occupy the chief place in the Presidential contest of 1900. The Senate passed the Teller resolution declaring that the bonds of the United States were payable in gold or silver, as the Government might determine, and rejected by a decisive majority an amendment in favour of the gold standard. The House of Representatives rejected the Teller resolution, but on a strict party division, the Republican preponderance alone saving the President from the necessity of having to reject a proposal for the coinage of silver by his veto. The political prophets who long ago asserted that silver was not dead but would revive again in renewed vigour are vindicated by recent events, nor is there reason to doubt, as far as future indications reveal themselves, that the United States will decide to pay in silver what was borrowed in gold. The economists predict dreadful results from the violation of sound theory, but the democracy is never scared by warnings of that kind, and until the money question can be expressed in terms understood of the people, the currency system of the United States is likely to be determined by experience. To force an international agreement upon the relative values of gold and silver coins is what the free silver men are after, and a radical policy is apparently the only means of doing this.

What imparts stability to the policy of the British Government, and tides over the crises that occur in the history of all Ministries, is the great authority and influence exercised by the present leaders upon the rank and file of their party. This has been shown in Parliament several times, and the present session will call for a fresh display, particularly on the Irish education bill. The Birmingham bye-election afforded a striking illustration of this authority in the local political organizations, proverbially the place of all others in the party system where difficulties easily arise and are hardest to quell. The return, without opposition, of Mr.

Lowe, a Conservative, to fill a seat made vacant by the death of Mr. Dixon, a Liberal-Unionist, was in accordance with a compact that when opportunity offered the Conservative representation from Birmingham should be increased. Mr. Chamberlain loyally enforced the compact and soothed the restiveness of his Liberal constituents who may be at one with their old antagonists on Imperial questions, but are radically opposed on the disestablishment, education and other domestic issues. Only a strong man could have done this, and Mr. Chamberlain's inconsistencies in policy are sufficiently obvious to make one certain that by personal gifts alone he maintains his extraordinary ascendancy in the Midlands.

By an embarrassing parliamentary manoeuvre, Mr. Redmond forced the front bench Liberals to vote against an independent legislature for Ireland, and the Nonconformists of that party, which are in a measure the backbone of it, will feel freer in resisting the Government proposal to create a Catholic University in Dublin by State aid. The question is an old one, and Mr. Lecky, the historian, who is a staunch son of Trinity and a Protestant, contends that such a measure is simply put to Irish Catholics. But we shall hear again of the hand of Rome, and someone will chalk "No Popery" on the wall and then run away. As for the other Irish measure, conceding county government, much depends upon the spirit in which it is received by the Irish masses and by the wisest friends of Ireland, who are not always laymen and not always clericals.

Fascinating as great problems of foreign policy are to the educated classes which rule England, there are also questions of social order and progress of the highest importance as determining factors in elections. If the present Ministers can give domestic reforms their attention, as well as guard the interests of the State abroad, the hold of the Government upon the masses will continue strong for some

years to come. There is, for example, the municipal administration of London, a city which is almost an empire in itself. Lord Salisbury has explained that there is no intention of abolishing the county council; but the aim is to impose duties upon several municipal bodies which no single body could adequately perform. So vast is the constituency now, and so multifarious the powers and obligations of the county council, that some vital affairs are neglected and half the electorate stay away from the polls. An undue share of energy and time are, therefore, devoted to the larger projects and questions, and the temptation to ape Parliament is almost irresistible. These are not the Prime Minister's words, but they express, in some measure, the views which will actuate the Government in framing the London bill about to be introduced by the Duke of Devonshire. Of the social problems involved in London administration, persons on this continent can hardly get a fair grasp. Take the housing of the people: in London now 37,000 persons are living five in one room; 17,000 people are living six in one room; 6,000 people are living seven in one room; 1,800 people live eight in one room; 32,000 people are living eight in two rooms; 14,000 are living nine in two rooms. And, as one writer asks, what is the cost to the community in lunacy, immorality, and deficient vitality from persons growing up under such conditions? To social reformers, the Concert of the Powers and the East Asian crisis are as nothing compared to such things.

The peculiar and exceptional dangers which met the British forces during the operations upon the Indian frontier are becoming known through private letters from soldiers who served through the campaign. The nature of the country, the skill of tribes like

the Afridis as marksmen, their possession of the latest and most improved rifles, and their knowledge of the most effective tactics, rendered the fighting almost unique in military experience. A story of one day's operations with a single detachment merely detailed to guard the transport of supplies will be full enough of adventure and tragedy to provide material for half-a-dozen novels. If the work of the army is not actually accomplished, Sir William Lockhart thinks that when the campaign re-opens in the spring the advance of the troops will soon be followed by the punishment and submission of the tribes that still remain refractory. Allowing for military criticism of the conduct of the whole campaign, it is probable that, politically, the ultimate result will justify the policy that planned the attack.

Curiously enough, the strength of British policy in the attempted settlement of the China question—a demand for free ports and free trade for all nations equally—is being used to prove that the project of an Imperial preferential trading arrangement is thereby knocked on the head. Those who study the whole matter with an open mind do not so argue. A small all-round Imperial preference between British communities does not involve any change in Britain's policy relative to the neutral markets of the world. The regulation of the markets of Great Britain is regarded by advocates of a few Imperial preferences as quite distinct from a total reversal of free trade as the world-policy of the Imperial Government. The scheme is, of course, complex, but its issue will be determined in the end neither by enthusiastic Imperialists nor schools of theory. The British people themselves are the sole arbiters.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.





ALL ABOUT BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE most complete book on British Columbia—the most complete provincial handbook ever published in Canada—is “The Year Book of British Columbia,” just issued by R. E. Gosnell, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly and Secretary of the Bureau of Statistics of that province. It opens with a valuable history of that district, detailing the early voyages, the overland journeys, the fur trading system, the early settlement, the story of Confederation, and also gives a resume of subsequent history. Accompanying this sketch are many valuable illustrations, including photographs of Cook, Meares, Vancouver and Mackenzie, of the early legislators and parliamentarians, of the pioneer missionaries, of the Governors, Lieut.-Governors and Premiers. Then follows an account of British Columbia’s parliamentary and judicial institutions. These two departments occupy 138 pages of a 500-page book. In the remaining pages there is an endless array of statistics and information concerning the municipal and educational systems, the forest wealth, the fisheries, agriculture, mining and trade. A chapter on the Yukon adds much to the present interest.

The mines of British Columbia will yet make that province one of the most important in Confederation, but development is still in its earliest stages. The following table shows the production in the last eight years :

Year.	Amount.
1890.....	\$2,608,608
1891.....	3,546,702
1892.....	3,017,971
1893.....	3,588,413
1894.....	4,225,717
1895.....	5,655,302
1896.....	7,146,425
1897.....(probably)	10,000,000

But British Columbia “may now be said to possess the greatest compact area of merchantable timber on the North American Continent. . . As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, the forest line following the indents and river valleys, and fringing the mountain sides.” The Douglas Fir, named after David Douglas, a noted botanist, who explored “New Caledonia” in the early twenties, is found from the coast to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and as far east as Calgary, and as far north as Fort McLeod.

“On the coast it attains immense proportions, it is very high and clear of imperfections, sometimes towering three hundred feet into the air, and having a base circumference of from thirty to fifty feet. The best averages, however, are one hundred and fifty feet clear of limbs, and five to six feet in diameter. This is the staple timber of commerce, often classed by the trade as Oregon pine. It has about the same specific gravity as oak, with great strength, and has a wide range of usefulness, being especially adapted for construction work. It is scientifically described as standing midway between the spruce and the

balsam, and in the opinion of Prof. Macoun, the Dominion naturalist, is a valuable pulp-making tree."

The whole book is valuable and interesting, the information in it easily accessible, and the illustrations telling many things that words and figures cannot convey. Mr. Gosnell is to be congratulated upon the success of what must have been a most arduous undertaking.

A PROFITABLE MONOPOLY.

The City of Toronto has an excellent street railway service operated by a private company which pays about \$80,000 per annum to the corporation. The City makes money out of this municipal monopoly, but in the purchase of the road, the issuing of stock and bonds, the company, which has a thirty years lease of the monopoly, made much more. One of the best explanations of this situation is given in the February *Outlook*, by W. D. Gregory, in a very thoughtful article entitled, "Municipal Toronto." He says:

"The amount paid by the company to the city for the tracks, plant, and equipment was \$1,453,788, being practically the amount paid by the city to the old company at the time of the expiration of its charter. The capital stock of the company is \$6,000,000, and bonds to the amount of \$2,999,953.33 have been issued to date. The stock is quoted at over eighty cents on the dollar. Computing the stock at this price and the bonds as selling at par, the total amount received from the sale of stock and issue of bonds aggregates \$7,799,953.33, as against the total of \$1,453,788 paid the city. The amount paid the city does not, of course, include the cost of changing the road from a horse to an electric railway, which was doubtless large. What this amount was is known only to the company, and the figures are not obtainable. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the net profit to the purchasers was very great.

"One result of the change to the electric system has been the proportionate decrease of the operating expenses, which shrank from 71.9 per cent. in 1892, to 50.9 in 1896. The

total amount received by the city as its percentage on the receipts from September 1st, 1891, to September 30th, 1897, is \$457,478.22 and its receipts from mileage charges amount to \$352,778.94, or a total income from the company of \$810,257.16. The gain to the citizens is no doubt much greater than appears from these figures. The city treasurer makes the moderate estimate that the gain from the transfer system alone is equal to \$100,000 per annum. The gain from reduced rates for certain classes of tickets is perhaps greater. As the result of a vote of the citizens taken in May last, the railway is now operated on Sunday. By a special agreement with the city, tickets which may be used at all hours on Sunday are sold at the rate of seven for a quarter. The running of Sunday cars will considerably increase the city's share of receipts. The amount received by the city has so far been devoted to meeting the cost incurred in constructing permanent roadways at the time the electric system was adopted, but it is anticipated that when in a few years the roadways are paid for, there will be a large surplus to apply to the reduction of general taxation."

LAURIER AT WASHINGTON.

In the February *National Review*—a publication which gives much attention to colonial affairs—the Hon. J. W. Longley writes of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Washington." He makes some remarks about the relations between Canada and the United States with which all Canadians are not likely to agree, and some which are pleasing in their hopefulness. The two following paragraphs gives an index to the two main thoughts in the article:

"Nearly all the events which have led to misunderstanding between Great Britain and the United States have arisen from questions in which the people of the British Islands are not directly interested, but which chiefly concern the people of Canada. Canada is the next door neighbour to the United States, and none of us can be insensible to the important incidents which attach to the mere fact of neighbourhood alone. Canada has important fishing privileges. It is most natural that American fishermen, while seeking for profit-

able cargoes, should sometimes come within three marine miles of the Canadian coast when fishing is found to be abundant. Here at once is a fruitful cause of difficulty, misunderstanding and irritation. Canada has a Pacific coast situate very near the sealing grounds adjoining Alaska. The Americans have, for some reason or other, absorbed the idea that these fishing-grounds and all that was therein belonged to them, an assumption which could not be recognized by any nation, but which was a matter that did not concern any other nation except Canada, whose sealing vessels were wont to frequent the Behring Sea. Here was another fruitful cause for misunderstanding. Boundary questions are constantly looming up. Rights upon the great lakes which constitute the boundary line between the two countries are apt to occasion difficulties. A line of customs houses extending for three thousand miles along the boundary offers another avenue for difficulty. The bonding privilege as it applies to great railway lines belonging to one country and yet having extensions and connections in the territory of the other is also a source of complication. The alien labour law enacted by the United States, while scarcely affecting other parts of the world, is bound to cause constant irritation to a considerable number of people who live in the immediate vicinity of the boundary line.

* * * * *

"It is impossible, of course, to speak of the results of this conference. International courtesy makes it indelicate and improper for the negotiators to take the public into their confidence in regard to what was said or done, but enough is already known to justify the pleasant conviction that the conference can only result in lasting good between the two countries. Whatever foolish Jingos may think or say, the true policy of Canada is to live on terms of the utmost friendship with the United States. All neighbours enhance their mutual pleasure by being on friendly terms, and there is hardly a limit to the capacity which neighbours, actuated by a wrong spirit, have to make each other's lives unhappy. It is equally desirable in every way, as has been already hinted, that the United States and Great Britain should be on terms of the greatest cordiality. However much nations of other race and blood may quarrel—and this is altogether undesirable and ought to be avoided—every

possible reason exists for amity and friendly alliance between all the members of the great English-speaking world. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier, acting for and on behalf of the Dominion of Canada, can assist to bring about a termination of the causes of misunderstanding and irritation, between Canada and the United States, he has gone a long way to remove all causes which militate against friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. No higher mission could present itself to a Colonial statesman, and no incident now happening within the purview of the Empire should engage the more sympathetic interest of the British people."

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

The London *Times* reviews the history of the movement to establish a Pacific cable. The early part of that history is well known to readers of this Magazine; but the later developments and the *Times'* opinions are worth perusal.

"In the summer of last year the question again formed a subject of discussion at the conference of Premiers held at the Colonial Office, and again no formal information was given to the public as to the result of the discussion. An informal statement was, however, made, and although unauthorized has been since confirmed from colonial sources in a way which leaves little doubt of its authenticity, that the position as to the construction of the cable was entirely changed by the proposal of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company to lay an all-British line from Western Australia across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, thence connecting with the Cape and St. Helena and Ascension. The proposal appears to have been submitted to the consideration of the colonial Premiers as a substitute for the Pacific cable.

"As between a Pacific cable, for which they will be asked to pay, and an all-British Eastern Extension line connecting Africa with Australia, for which they will only be asked to make indirect concessions, governments with the fear of the Treasury before their eyes hesitate to commit themselves to the support of the Pacific cable scheme.

"The conditions of the alternative laid be-

ore the Premiers are not known in detail to the public. The position does not, therefore, offer matter for judgment on general grounds. But from the points of view of Canada and of the development of British interests and influence in the Pacific it is evident that the proposal of the Eastern Extension Company is not an alternative; it is simply a negation of the hopes which have been raised. The Canadian public is watching with much interest the development of events in China and Japan, the advance of Russia towards the shores of the Northern Pacific, and the expansion of the United States upon the same plane of activity as expressed in the movement for the annexation of Hawaii. It happens that simultaneously with these movements a very remarkable development promises to take place on the Canadian shore of the same sea. The discoveries of gold in the Yukon district and of vast mineral wealth in British Columbia may have no less an effect than that produced by discoveries of a similar nature in California, Australia, and the Transvaal. A rich industrial population having wide commercial relations will in such an event settle in Western Canada, and the natural outlet for its energy will be by the ports of the Pacific. Vancouver and Victoria should become emporiums of Eastern trade, and the mere alternation of the seasons as between the northern and the southern hemisphere should secure the creation of a large trade in food-stuffs between Australasia and British Columbia. Australasia, on the high road to recovery from the depression which followed the financial crisis of five years ago, is preparing to take advantage of the markets which circumstances are opening to its produce. English influences in Japan and China tend to improve the opportunities of the commercial situation. British interests in the Pacific are all of a similar nature. They all demand for their favourable development the same conditions, namely, an undisputed command of the waterways and a system of easy communications. It is not surprising that the Canadian public, more closely concerned than any other, should desire to urge upon the British communities of the Pacific Ocean the wisdom of the well-

known maxim 'Unite and rule.'

"There exists at present no system of rapid communication across the Pacific. Under modern conditions the business sufficient to sustain lines of ships cannot be built up without the facilities afforded by the telegraph. Were a cable laid under British auspices from British Columbia to Australia there would be little difficulty in tapping it to establish a branch line to China and Japan. If, as is the general desire of this country, the opening of China should prove to be rather a commercial than a military or political operation, the existence at Chinese ports of converging lines of telegraphic communication with every centre of British industrial activity in the Pacific must almost of necessity have an effect in the establishment of peaceful British influence which takes the question beyond the limits of purely local concern. Not only Canada but the whole Empire is interested in assuring to British interests a fair field for that policy of equal opportunity which has so far constituted the most definite pronouncement of our views with regard to European rights in Eastern Asia. Every sign would seem to indicate that the coming twentieth century will be celebrated in the history of the world by the development of a new civilization on the Pacific. To affirm the legitimate position of Great Britain in that civilization must be the object of British policy, and for this purpose cheap and rapid means of communication between the local British centres is one of the first of necessary conditions. This aspect of the question is not dealt with by any proposals for cable construction that exclude the Pacific Ocean from their scope.

"It is, perhaps, unfair to Canada to lay upon her the burden of initiative in the matter which involves a general Imperial interest; but the immediate benefit of the Pacific cable will be felt very specially by Canada, and as a Dominion she has shown herself so well able to deal with questions of wider than provincial range that we look with some confidence to her action. The estimated cost of the cable is not great, and it is difficult to comprehend that the construction can have been so long delayed."



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE Easter number of The Canadian Magazine will be a special one, with a three-colour cover, two Shop Talk. Easter stories, and an illustrated article entitled "Holy Week in Rome." The series on "The Anglican Church in Canada," by Thomas E. Champion, will be continued, and the various other regular features of the Magazine will be found interesting. This Easter number will close the Tenth Volume.

During the summer months The Canadian Magazine will be filled with a lighter class of articles, and an increased number of short stories and sketches. By the way, we are anxious to secure a few more MSS. of this character, stories from 2,000 to 3,000 words in length, and sketches containing 1,000 to 2,000 words. A fair price will be paid for meritorious work of this character. The writer must, however, be a resident of Canada.

Mr. Bourinot's article in this issue is perhaps the best piece of work ever done by this well-known **The Loyalists.** historian, and deserves special attention. The story of the settling of Nova Scotia is a most interesting one, and has never been better told than in this article. Dr. Bourinot's sixth paper, which will appear in April, deals with "The United Empire Loyalists," and contains much information never before published. The Doctor spent most of last year in looking up new material relating to this portion of "The Makers of the Dominion." No series of articles ever published in Canada has such educative value, or equal interest.

Every century, every civilization, every race has its heroes. Cæsar found

the Roman people a mob and used it to serve his own purposes: to satisfy first his thirst for military glory, and secondly his greed for power. He destroyed the Roman Commonwealth and laid the foundations of the Roman Empire, of which his illustrious nephew was the real builder. There were many other Cæsars, but none so great. Charles the Great, the first Frankish king to become Emperor of Western Rome, was a greedy monarch. At first he ruled over Central Germany and Northern Gaul. He conquered the Germans to the south, the Saxons to the north, and the people of Southern Gaul. He also added Northern Italy to the German Empire. While a great conqueror, he forgot not learning, religion and the making of laws. From this time forward there were still other Cæsars, but none conquered the world. England had her Cæsars in such men as William the Conqueror and Henry I. France had her own despots, and so had Germany. Charles, the fifth Emperor, was one of the most noted of the Cæsars of the middle ages; he united Spain, Germany and the Netherlands, and, in 1530, added Italy and Sicily to his Empire. There were no other very notable Cæsars, until Napoleon Buonaparte came upon the European stage, although many kings and princes worked out large schemes for self-aggrandisement. Napoleon was the last of the great military Cæsars, and he came very near to being master of all Europe, nearer than any man will ever come again. He was a conqueror pure and simple, a man who recognized no principles of popular freedom nor rights of national life. As with the first Cæsar, he was actuated only by a thirst for military glory, and a greed for power.

Our modern civilization is different. In Europe the small Cæsars still have fancy swords dangling at their sides, still have golden braids and golden orders on their breasts. They have the ambitions of the old Cæsars, but not the opportunities. Two great twin forces have arisen which effectually hold them in check. These are commerce and finance. In the affairs of Eastern Asia, to-day, these two forces may be seen, limiting the efforts of all the disputants, and preventing one of the European Cæsars from taking more than anything but ambition and greed could justify. It is commerce and finance that hold the balance of power among the nations of Europe, and prevent a horrible war to prove which Cæsar is the greatest. These forces are, in this way, guarding the interests of the people, speeding the civilization of mankind, and extending general progress.

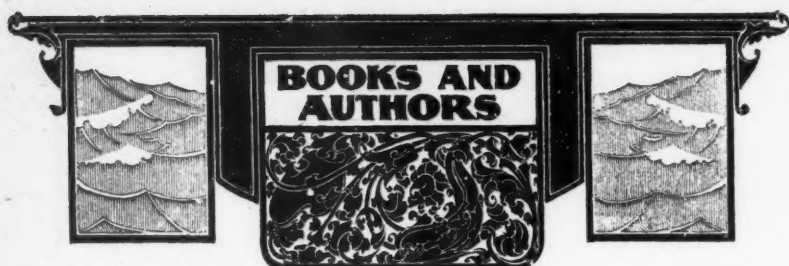
But this new civilization, in which commerce and finance are supreme, seems likely to produce a new kind of Cæsar, a man who may not wear a suit of armour nor have a sword in his strong right hand; yet who commands armies, possesses large numbers of slaves, and affects the direction and nature of progress. This new Cæsar may be found at the head of a great railway system, a landed corporation, a trust or some other large financial organization. Money rules through commerce and finance, and hence the new Cæsar desires money, money, money. The old Cæsars did not require new countries to give them land on which to live or which they might cultivate in order to obtain subsistence; they conquered to satisfy a greed for conquest, acquired to feel the pleasure of possession. So with the new Cæsars; they do not require millions to supply them with the bread of life, or even the luxuries of modern existence; they desire millions simply to satisfy ambition and the pleasure of possession.

The three score years and ten allotted to the new Cæsars, as to the old,

are too short to gain millions by the sweat of the brow, so to other means resort is made. Democracy has organized the people under Governments composed of representatives, and through these new governing bodies the new Cæsars do their work. They control these national legislatures and national legislators, and thus acquire whole nations of slaves. They organize industries of new kinds, or new forms of old industries; and in order that they may not be impeded in their making of great profits, they secure monopolies or special privileges through the aforementioned legislatures. Some of the more common forms of these new industries from which millions are made by the new Cæsars are: 1. the building of cities and the creation of land values; 2. the creation of industrial trusts; 3. the building of railroads under Government subsidy; 4. the controlling of railway and canal traffic under special legislation; 5. the manipulation of national revenues, contracts and offices; 6. the chartering of banks with special privileges; and 7. the control of small legislatures and municipalities with their smaller franchises, contracts and emoluments.

When the old Cæsars passed among their subjects and their slaves, the latter bowed the head and bended the knee. To-day, the same customs prevail. The new Cæsars are looked up to with reverence and respect. The new slaves crowd around their tables to catch some of the crumbs that may fall. There is the same absence of unhappiness and discontent. One-half of the world is still satisfied, even pleased, to be poor so that the other half may be rich. The slaves are content with bread and water, if they may but enjoy the pleasure of seeing their masters wear silk and satin, decorated with glory and titles. Indeed, Cæsars seem to be just as essential to the happiness of our present civilization as they were to the glory of the ancient and middle ages.

John A. Cooper.



JUDITH MOORE.

PERHAPS when the history of Canadian literature is written, the credit of being the truest Canadian novelist of the latter part of the nineteenth century will not be given to any one person. We have three leading novelists to-day: Gilbert Parker, who finds his greatest inspiration in French Canada; Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been steeped in the romance of Acadia; and Joanna E. Wood, who has just published her second novel, dealing more particularly with phases of what, for convenience, may be called English Canada. E. W. Thomson may be left out of view, for he is pre-eminently a story writer. The same may be said of J. Macdonald Oxley. Miss Dougall is a general novelist; so are Grant Allen and Sara Jeanette Duncan. Are there any other Canadian novelists to be mentioned in the same breath with these eight?

Of the three great novelists, then, Parker occupies one field, Roberts another, and Miss Wood a third. Consequently it is difficult to say which is the greatest. Parker has done most work and his novels are best known. Miss Wood's work is least familiar.

Miss Wood's new novel, "Judith Moore,"* will probably define more clearly her place in our literary class. Her previous Canadian novel, "The Untempered Wind," was published in New York, and never attained any great sale in Canada. It did, however, find its way to many tables, and was much admired by all who read it. It was very highly praised by the critics and won for its talented young author a very fair reputation in New York, Toronto, and Montreal.

"Judith Moore" is the tale of a young singer who had been delighting European lovers of music for two seasons. She came to America to prepare for her debut in her native continent. Being somewhat worn out by the heavy demands upon her energy, she is brought to a Canadian village to recuperate. In a little farm cottage she spends a summer while her manager is in New York preparing plans for her opening season. In the little community in which she has secreted herself she meets a well-to-do young farmer named Andrew Cutler. He has considerable education, is a great hunter, rather attractive in person, and occupies a prominent position in village society. He does not know that Miss Moore is a great singer, but it is her voice which first attracts him. She finds him a pleasure because of his strength of mind, his naturalness and his goodness. They fall in love. She writes to her manager that she wants to give up her future to this man "who loves me for myself, not for my voice." The manager

*Judith Moore, or Fashioning a Pipe, by Joanna E. Wood, author of *The Untempered Wind*, etc. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

appears on the scene and hurries Judith back to New York. She commences her season and a successful one it is. But she breaks down under the intense strain and becomes very ill. Andrew believes himself jilted, but finally he discovers through a letter which had gone to the dead-letter office and then back to her old boarding-house, that he had lost his love because of inexorable circumstances. He starts out to find her and succeeds. Such is the plot.

The great merit of the book lies, however, in the charm of Miss Wood's descriptions, her faultless prose, her keen insight into motive, and her power of humorous characterization. She describes rural Ontario life with a charm never before found in any book. She sees the narrowness and meanness of village life, its pathos, its humour, and its possibilities. Hiram Green and his four anxious daughters; Bill Aikins and Kate the scolding wife who kept him straight; Old Sam Symmonds with his reminiscences and his ill luck; Mrs. Morris who kept the boarding-house and who was always gossiping; mischievous Tommy Slick and his dog Nip; Miss Meyers with the grim face and the kind heart—all these are characters whom any Canadian can appreciate. "Judith Moore" is a book which may be read more than once.

It is said that the publishers of this work have paid for the publication rights the highest price ever paid for a Canadian novel.



ANOTHER AMATEUR PRODUCTION.

Every profession has its amateurs. They are to be found among our doctors, our lawyers, our musicians, our artists and our authors. Among the latter class there are very few, if any, who can be classed otherwise. We have few masters in the art of writing, and what few we have are to be found mainly among our leading journalists and educationists.

Of course, amateurs are necessary as the class from which experts and masters are drawn. But while they are to be countenanced and encouraged, they must be prepared always for thorough criticisms of the work which they do for the public. If an amateur painter produces a picture—and many of them have a habit of this—he must be prepared for combined criticism and appreciation. So with the amateur writer; he must be willing to have his essays and articles and books dissected and criticized, in order that he and other amateurs may profit by such dissection and such criticism. He may not be willing to accept every suggestion and every remark made by the critics, but he must compare their views with his own and, after a reference to authorities, decide for himself whether or not the weaknesses pointed out are real blemishes and as such require remedying. If the amateur writer will adopt this attitude—which up to the present he has refused to assume—there will be some hope that Canada may ultimately produce experts and masters in the art of making literature.

Up to the present, as intimated, the unskilled litterateur has refused to allow his work to be criticized, and he has been backed up in such refusal by a small body of admirers who have been too ready to believe that a certain number of printed pages, sewed together and bound in cloth, make a book, and that all books have a great value. And further, these admirers have maintained that every person who has been so fortunate as to have enough money to pay the printer for publishing a book of which this moneyed individual is the writer, is a great author and as such to be worshipped. The result of this has been that Canada has developed no critics. There has been no tolerance of the man who has dared to point out a defect here and there. And because Canada has produced no persons who have studied standards and are prepared to compare, in an expert way, all productions with such standards, there has been little progress in the art of writing.

There are many books issued each year from Canadian presses that are

open to criticism. Take, for instance, "The Dear Old Farm,"* by Malcolm, the pen-name of a Mr. Sinclair, who resides at Bridgeburg, Ontario. It is a story rather than a novel, although it combines features of both. There is a plot, a set of characters whose lives the reader is expected to follow, and a large amount of historical narrative. In fact, sometimes the reader feels that he is reading a novel, and sometimes that he is reading history. Chapter V., "The Home Defending," is almost pure history, with Tecumseh and his contemporaries as the characters. So are chapters XX. and XXI., dealing with the Fenian Raid. If the author intended to produce an historical novel, he has failed, because he has not blended the two features. His work is like a mixture of green and black tea; one can easily pick out the green leaves or the black.

As a picture of early settler life in Ontario, the book is worth reading, even though the grouping on the canvas does not conform to the acknowledged rules of art. The difficulties, the experiences, the pleasures, the sorrows of the early settlers are set down with a directness and a cleverness which was so lacking in the "Humors of '37," a somewhat similar volume. Malcolm has recognized that it was not the governors, legislative councillors, and grasping government officials who laid the foundations of this country's greatness, but those who chopped down the forest, built the roads, shouldered the musket and swung the sword—the men who cleared the farms and built the towns, erected the first mills, and bore a part in the creation of the first municipalities. He has recognized that our histories have overlooked this work, and has aimed to portray and idealize it. For this he deserves considerable praise.

But when one comes to consider the book as a literary production, little praise can be given. The style is very poor, and the sentence construction amateurish even to incorrectness. Malcolm has not yet mastered the first principles of that part of English rhetoric known as esthetics, and hence his book will fail to attract the better class of readers who insist upon good form as well as valuable matter. Moreover, the book is too long, the pages too large, the binding too sombre, and the printing as amateurish as the technique of the author. The illustrations, however, are very fair.

A MILITARY TEXT-BOOK.

A casual observer of the militia force of Canada would say that it did not amount to much; that the men understood little of a soldier's part, and were decidedly lacking in the bearing which marks the trained soldier; that the officers were decent fellows who regarded their rank and uniform as a valuable aid to their progress in "society," but who knew little drill and less tactics; and that the system under which all worked was not a system at all, but a haphazard arrangement made and controlled by politicians.

It is much the same in the United States, although there are certainly many officers—at least a few officers—who have attempted to master the principles of drill. Captain Charles Albert Smylie, of the Twelfth Infantry, New York, would seem to be one of these few. His "Points in Minor Tactics," just issued, is a thoughtful, concise, and well-written manual which should prove of great value to infantry officers.

He takes up Discipline, Advance-Guards, Rear-Guards, Outposts, Patrols and Reconnoitring, Marches, Firing, Fortifications, Entrenchments, and similar points in tactics, and treats them brightly and thoroughly. The best British and other foreign text-books are quoted from and referred to, while many battle and campaign lessons from recent wars are pointed out—and this but proves that a willingness to learn from anybody and everybody is a characteristic of the United Stateser, however much he may try to conceal the fact.

*St. Thomas: The Journal Publishing Co. Cloth, 108 pp.

The book will be found as useful to a Canadian militia officer as it can possibly be to an officer of the National Guard.



The Copp, Clark Co. have issued the second volume of their uniform edition of Gilbert Parker's works. "Pierre and His People" is a collection of tales which must ever hold a leading place among our native books of fiction, not only because some of Gilbert Parker's best work is found in them, but because they preserve many of the legends and tales of the Indians, the half-breeds, the Mounted Police and other early settlers of the North-West. Pretty Pierre, Jen, Little Hammer, Sergeant Gellatly and the others—they are all characters whom to know is to love and admire. Even Moray and Doltaire are not so quaint, so daring, so loveable as these wild inhabitants of wilder plains.



The New Brunswick Historical Society has just issued Part 3 of its First Volume of Collections, and through the kindness of Mr. Jonas Howe, Corresponding Secretary, St. John, we are in receipt of the complete volume. Part 1 contained articles on "The King's New Brunswick Regiment;" "The Mau-gerville Settlement;" Documents relating to Sunbury County; Judge Perley's Court Documents, etc. Part 2 contains, among other things, Letters written at St. John by James Simonds, A.D. 1764-1785, and an article on "The Old Meductia Fort on the River St. John." Part 3 contains an article on "The Medical Men of St. John in Its First Half Century," by Joseph W. Lawrence; "Selections from the Papers and Correspondence of James White, A.D. 1762-1783," by Rev. W. O. Raymond—letters which throw much light on the development and history of the colony at that time; and "Letters and Documents relating to the History and Settlement of the Island of Manan," by Jonas Howe. Manan is an island in the Passamaquoddy Bay, nine miles from the State of Maine, and commanding the entrance to the Bay of Funday. It was settled in 1783 by some refugee loyalists. During the war of 1812-14 it was a favourite resort of the United States privateers, and until 1817 it was doubtful whether or not the island was British territory. In that year, however, the British claim to it was acknowledged.

The index, to this volume, which is inserted at the end of Part 3, will be found very useful, especially to future students of New Brunswick history.



"Alphabet of First Things in Canada," is the title of a valuable ready reference book of Canadian events, compiled by George Johnson, the Dominion statistician. Here is a sample paragraph:

Magazine.—Among early magazines published in Canada are (1) "The Quebec Magazine, or useful and entertaining repository of science, morals, history, politics, etc., particularly adapted for the use of British America, by a society of gentlemen in Quebec." The first number appeared on 1st August, 1792, published by Samuel Neilson; (2) In the *Halifax Gazette*, 1806, there is an advertisement of a periodical published in Halifax and called the "Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Magazine, or Historical Library." The literary shores of Canada are strewn with the wrecks of hundreds of periodicals.

Information concerning the first anything may be found here—the first coal mine, the first apples, the first assembly, the first bank, the first baronet, railway, census, card money, etc., etc. Into the two hundred odd pages of this little reference book the able author has crowded a wonderful amount of information. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, as are the words in a dictionary or the subjects in an encyclopædia, and reference is thus remarkably easy. Some of the articles occupy but a few lines, while some occupy several pages. The book is already in its third edition.

NATIONAL SPORT.

PASTIMES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WE take our pleasures gladly here in British Columbia, if the paronomasia upon the famous snapshot judgment of the European traveller through "These States" may be pardoned. Probably the chief contributory cause is the perennial salubrity of our climate, enabling us to enjoy the pleasures of sports of all kinds from January to December in the open air. And I should remark that nearly all our pastimes here are those which call us into the fresh, invigorating air which blows in from the Pacific or down from the woody mountains. Then, again, the people here are mainly of that robust stock which has made the name British synonymous with vigour of body and mind. They have all the well-known British proclivities towards the bold and manly games and pastimes which have always distinguished the race, and which in Canada find an even finer field for their exercise than the English meadows, the Scottish dales, the Irish moors, or the Welsh Llans afforded. If there is any branch of manly sport that is not followed by the youth of British Columbia I shall be much surprised to learn the fact. From the most complex of the pastimes enjoyed by the strongest and most skilful down to those that the feeblest and youngest find pleasure in, every game has its devotees; nay, more, its clubs. We are a most clubbable folk; not only are there the inevitable cricket, lacrosse, football, tennis, golf and athletic clubs, but clubs for hockey as affected by the ladies, as well as the roaring game played by the inferior sex; handball, croquet, bowls, hare-and-hounds—in short, there is not a sport or pastime indulged in by healthy young men and women that has not its votaries among our people. We are great believers in the Baconian aphorisms on the subject of exercise, and the most popular of all

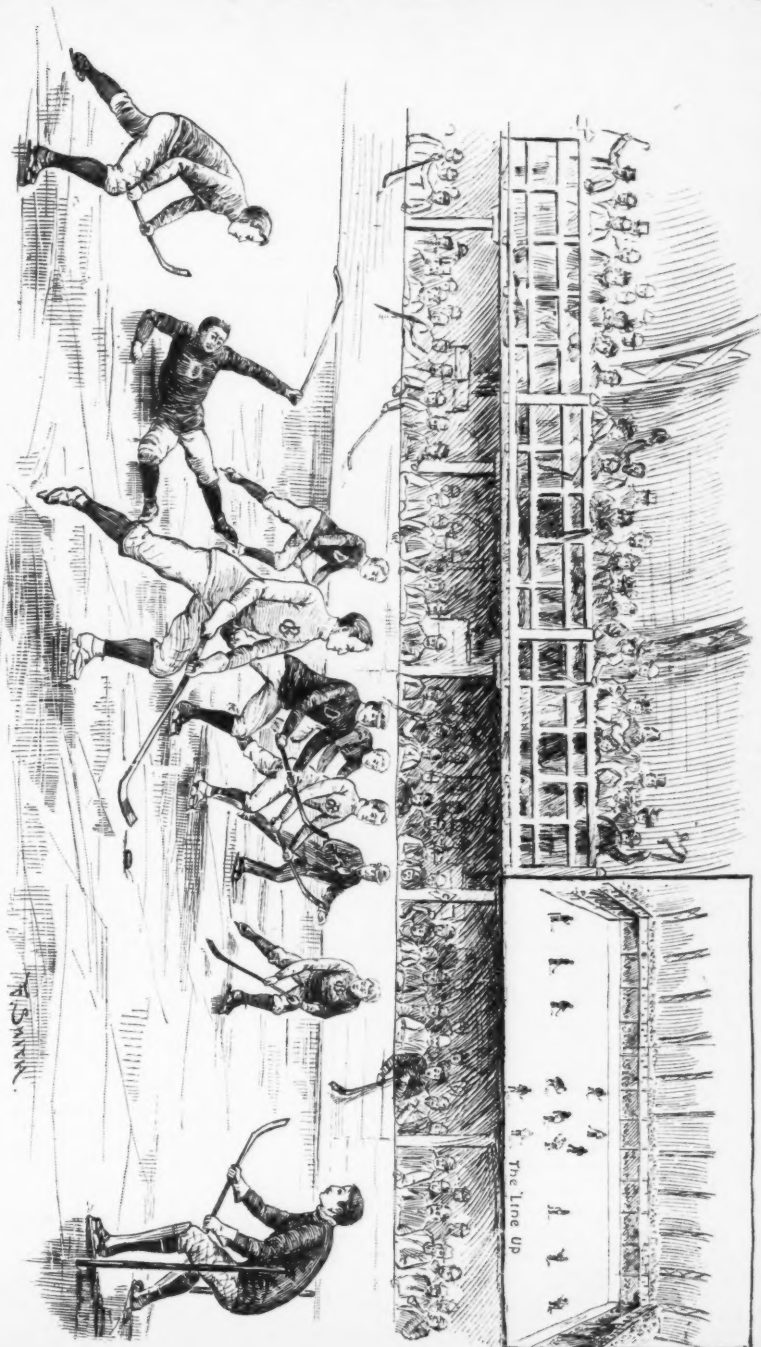
the mottoes would appear to be Juvenal's terse maxim: "A sound mind in a sound body." Even for those quiet beings who live up to the quaint conceit of Walt Whitman: "I loaf and invite my soul," there is a club at the gatherings of which they can meet and commune with perpetually-tired kindred souls in country walks or in whatsoever other manner may to their placid, Addisonian view seem meet. Our winter pastimes are not much different from those pursued in the other seasons, for the reason that we have, especially near the coast where the majority of the population are settled, no winter to speak of. We can cycle very nearly all the year round; for no sooner does the heavy winter rain cease for a couple of hours than the cyclists come forth in legions and skim the streets and roads like swallows after a storm, so quickly is the moisture absorbed by the light, porous soil. Not often is one here tempted to quote Milton's November quatrain:

"When fields are dank and ways are mire;
Where shall we sometimes meet,
And by the fire
Help waste a sullen day?"

Neither the dun fogs of the Atlantic seaboard nor the piercing cold of the Eastern Provinces interfere with our pursuit of the sports of the field or even of the water; for the worst that befalls in the way of weather in this favoured region is a day of drenching rain, and that, as I have said, leaves very little trace two hours after the clouds pass away. It is no uncommon thing to see the oarsmen clad in the airiest of raiment flitting about Victoria Harbour and Arm, or on Vancouver Harbour and up Burrard Inlet in the middle of winter, enjoying the bright sunshine and the soft breath of the chinook wind that comes up out of the spicy southwest often during the very months whose names in other regions of the temperate zone stands for all

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A CANADIAN HOCKEY MATCH.



The Time Up

that is dreary and comfortless. Athletic clubs abound in every city of the Province; and it is seldom that one hears of one of these associations closing its doors for lack of support. Businesses may "A' gang tapsalteerie O," but never the athletic club.

Very often of an evening as one is wending one's way homeward, "twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," swift foot-falls, quick and heavy breathing reach the ear, and before the startled pedestrian can turn to see what is the matter, a form arrayed in classically scant apparel darts past and vanishes in the gathering gloom like a sheeted ghost at the clarion voice of morn's shrill herald. It is only a harrier training for the coming struggles across field and fell. As the "Good Gray Poet" puts it:

"On a flat road runs the well-trained runner,
He is lean and sinewy with muscular legs,
He is thinly clothed, he leans forward as he runs
With lightly closed fists and arms partially raised."

Like Shakespeare's description of a thoroughbred horse, that description of a runner as we see him here nearly all the year round, is perfect.

Victoria and Vancouver have the sea, and so has Nanaimo, while New Westminster, Kamloops, and the cities of the Kootenays and Okanagan have rivers and lakes whereon to practice the aquatic sports; and very fully do they take advantage of their opportunities. We have some rowing crews and single-scutt oarsmen who would be no mean opponents for the best in the east. Then Victoria has a flourishing yacht club which is able to give a good account of itself against the American visitors who come over in the season to sail at the regattas; and the Yankees have always been noted for their trim craft and winning ways.

We have also a strong polo club in Victoria; the members can ride their mounts like centaurs and play a game worthy of the "crack" teams of the Indian army. At least, so say visitors from India who pass through on their way home to England. As might be

expected in such a country as British Columbia, there are gun clubs galore. Our forests abound with game of all kinds, from the giant caribou and cinnamon bear to the common or garden "mush rat." The luxuriant undergrowth of the forest here affords shelter for myriads of game birds. Few things are more exhilarating than to traverse the British Columbian woods on a clear frosty morning with the gun on shoulder and the dogs at heel and see the whirring grouse and partridges rise on every hand; or to skirt the margin of lake or river where the ducks are feeding in thousands, as one may find them in the season in the broad lagoons of the Fraser or at Okanagan Lake. He is a poor gunner who cannot get a good bag in this Province. This, I believe, is the only part of Canada where one may still see a "rattling good mill with the mittens," as the ultra-sporting gentlemen phrase it. I was invited to witness such a match the other evening in a public hall in Victoria, and I must confess that for those who care for that sort of thing it was worth going ten miles to see. Up at Rossland the other evening, two gentlemen "put them on" for a purse of several hundreds of dollars; and the sincere nature of the gentlemen may be judged from the opening sentence of the local paper's report of the soiree: "At the call of time the men mixed up like the ingredients of a sausage machine, and the fur and the Burgundy (blood) started for all parts of the compass." It is perhaps as well to relate that one of the contestants was knocked insensible in the third round, to the enormous disgust of the refined assemblage. Those facts may serve to show that there is a breezy freedom about life here that is denied the effete east. I might descant upon the ecstatic delights of summer canoeing on our lovely fiords, lakes and streams, but perhaps I have said enough to prove British Columbia's claim to be a paradise for those who have the leisure to indulge in sports and pastimes.

Thomas L. Grahame.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

FRONTISPICE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

PALM SUNDAY IN ROME.